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THE

ALCHEMIST.

A

COMEDY,

Written by BEN. JONSON.

With ALTERATIONS.

As perform'd at the Theatres.

—petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ. LUCRET.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.

THE
ALCHEMIST.

C. G. M. E. D. Y.

Printed by D. J. Johnson.



LONDON.

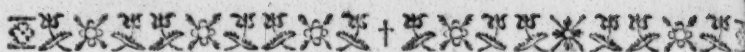
The ARGUMENT.

*The Sickness bot, a Master quit, for fear,
His House in Town, and left one Servant there;
Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know.*

*A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Cos'ners at large; and only wanting some
House to set up, with him they here contract,
Each for a Share, and all begin to act,
Much Company they draw, and much abuse,
In casting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
Selling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume are gone.*

P R O L O G U E.

*Fortune, that favours Fools, these two short Hours
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging Spectators; and desire in place,
To th' Author Justice, to ourselves but Grace.
Our Scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No Country's Mirth is better than our own:
No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, 'Squire, Impostor, many Persons more,
Whose Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have still been Subject for the Rage
Or Spleen of comic Writers. Tho' this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
Howe'er the Age he lives in doth endure
The Vices that she breeds, above their Cure.
But when the wholesome Remedies are sweet,
And in their working, Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit so much diseas'd,
But will with such fair Correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;
They are so natural Follies, but so shewn,
As even the Doers may see, and yet not own.*



Dramatis Personæ.

(*Drury-Lane, 1762.*)

Subtle, <i>the Alchemist,</i>	Mr. Burton.
Face, <i>the Housekeeper,</i>	Mr. Palmer.
Sir Epicure Mammon, <i>Knight,</i>	Mr. Love.
Abel Drugger, <i>a Tobacco Man,</i>	Mr. Garrick.
Surly, <i>a Gamester,</i>	Mr. Blakes.
Dapper, <i>a Clerk,</i>	Mr. Vaughan.
Kastrill, <i>the angry Boy,</i>	Mr. Yates.
Lovewit, <i>Master of the House,</i>	Mr. Packer.
Tribulation, <i>a Pastor of Amsterdam,</i>	Mr. Clough.
Annanias, <i>a Deacon there,</i>	Mr. Philips.
Dol Common, <i>Colleague with Subtle</i>	Mrs. Pritchard.
<i>and Face,</i>	
Dame Pliant, <i>a Widow, Sister to the</i>	Mrs. Bennet.
<i>angry Boy,</i>	
<i>Neighbours. Officers, &c.</i>	

The S C E N E, *London.*



THE



THE
ALCHEMIST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, and Dol Common.

FACE.

BELIEVE it, I will. *Sub.* Do thy worst. I dare thee.

Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you out of all your Sleights.

Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you Madmen?

Sub. O, let the wild Sheep loose. I'll gum your Silks With good Strong-water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have

The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

Hark, I hear some body. *Face.* Sirrah—*Sub.* I shall mar All that the Taylor has made. if you approach.

Face. You most notorious Whelp, you insolent Slave, Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes Faith, yes Faith.

Face. Why, who

Am I, my Mungrel? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you, Since you know not yourself—

Face. Speak lower, Rogue.

Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long pass'd) the good,

Honest, Plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept Your Master's Worship's House here in the Priors.

For the Vacations—*Face.* Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated Suburb-Captain.

Face. By your means, Doctor Dog?

Sub. Within Man's Memory,

All this I speak of. *Face.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?

Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well. *Face.* Not of this, I think it;
But I shall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie Corner*,
Taking your Meal of Steam in, from Cooks Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteously collive, with your pinch'd-horn Nose,
And your Complexion of the *Roman Wath*,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder corns shot at th' *Artillery Yard*.

Sub. I wish you could advance your Voice a little.

Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several Rags
You had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghills, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloak,
That scarce would cover your No-buttocks——

Sub. So, Sir!

Face. When all your *Alchymy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps with so much Linen
Would make you Tinder, but to see a Fire;
I gave you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glassses, your Materials;
Built you a Furnace, drew you Customers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beside,
A House to practise in—*Sub.* Your Master's House?

Face. Where you have studied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry since. *Sub.* Yes, in your Master's House.
You and the Rats here kept Possession.
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The Buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ*-men,
The which, together with your *Christmas* Vails
At *Pest* and *Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, some twenty Marks,

And

The ALCHEMIST.

And gave you Credit to converse with Cobwebs,
Here, since your Mistress' Death hath broke up House.

Face. You might talk softer, Rascal.

Sub. No, you *Scarabe*,

I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempest in his Hand and Voice.

Face. The Place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your Cloaths.

Thou Vermin, have I ta'en thee out of Dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Dust, and wat'ring Pots?

Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee

I' the *third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?

Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quintessence*, with pains

Would twice have won me the *Philosopher's Work*?

Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?

And have I this for Thanks? Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?

Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no Name——

Dol. Will you undo yourselves with Civil War?

Sub. Never been known, past *Equi libanum*,
The Heat of Horse-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-house darker than deaf *John's*; been lost
To all Mankind, but Landresses and Tapsters,
I had not I been.

Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?

Face. Sirrah——

Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil——

Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.

Face. Hang thee, Collier.

And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me——

Dol. (O, this 'll o'erthrow all.)

Face. Write thee up Bawd in *Paul's*, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Dust, Scrapings,

Searching for things lost with a Sieve and Shears,
 Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houses,
 And taking in of Shadows with a Glass,
 Told in red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
 Worse than *Gamaliel Ratsey's*. *Dol.* Are you found?
 Ha' you your Senses, Masters? *Face.* I will have
 A Book, but barely reckoning thy Imposures,
 Shall prove a true *Philosopher's Stone*, to Printers.

Sub. Away, you Trencher-Rascal.

Face. Out, you Dog-leach,

The Vomit of all Prisons——*Dol.* Will you be
 Your own Destructions, Gentlemen?

Sub. Cheater. *Face.* Bawd.

Sub. Cow-herd. *Face.* Conjuror. *Sub.* Cut-purse.

Dol. We are ruin'd! lost! Ha' you no more regard
 To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
 Have yet some Care of me, o' your Republick——

Face. Away, this Brach. I'll bring the Rogue within
 The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Tricesimo tertio*

Of *Harry* the Eighth: Ay, and (perhaps) thy Neck
 Within a Noose, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockscorn,
 will you?

[*She catches out Face's Sword, and breaks Subtle's Glass.*
 And you, Sir, with your *Menstrue*, gather it up.

'Sdeath, you abominable pair of Stinkards,

Leave off your Barking, and grow one again.

Or, by the Light that shines, I'll cut your Throats.

I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marshal,

For ne'er a snarling Dog-bolt o' you both.

Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,

And all the World? and shall it now be said,

Yo'have made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

You will accuse him? *You* will bring him in

Within the Statute? Who shall take your Word?

A whorson, upstart, *Apocryphal* Captain,

Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friers* will trust

So much as for a Feather! and you too

Will give the Cause, forsooth? You will insult,

And claim a Primacy in the Divisions?

You must be Chief? As if you only had

The

The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite*? All things in common?
Without Priority? *Face*. It is his Fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And says, the Weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does. *Dol*. How does it? Do not we
Sustain our Parts? *Sub*. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your Part exceed To-day, I hope
Ours may To-morrow match it. *Sub*. Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring Mastiff! Ay, and do. Death
on me!

Help me to throttle him. *Sub*. *Dorothy*, Mistress *Dorothy*,
Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Because o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation*?

Sub. Not I, by Heaven——

Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna*——help me.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.

Dol. Will you, Sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What shall I swear?

Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the common Work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.
I only us'd those Speeches as a Spur

To him. *Dol*. I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove To-day, who shall shank best.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close, and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the Knot

Shall grow the stronger for this Breach, with me.

Dol. Why, so, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise Neighbours,

(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the King came in)

A Feast of Laughter at our Follies? No, agree.

And may *Don Provost* ride a feasting long,

In his old Velvet Jerkin,

(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)

Ere we contribute a new cruel Garter

To his most worsted Worship. *Sub*. Royal *Dol*!

Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thyself.

Face. For which, at Supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And

And not be still'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Don Singular: The longest Cut, at Night,
 Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*. . . . [One knocks.]

Sub. Who's that? [knocks!] To the Window,
 Pray Heav'n,

The Master do not trouble us this Quarter.

Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
 O' the Plague, he's safe, from thinking toward *London*.
 Beside, he's busy at his Hop-yards now:

I had a Letter from him. If he do,
 He'll send such Word, for airing o' the House,
 As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
 Tho' we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Sub. Who is it, *Dol*?

Dol. A fine young Quodling, *Face.* O,
 My Lawyer's Clerk, I lighted on last Night
 In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have
 (I told you of him) a Familiar,
 To rife with at Horses, and win Cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Face. Get you
 Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do? *Face.* Not be seen, away.
 Seem you very reserv'd?

Sub. Enough. *Face.* God be with you, Sir.
 'I pray you let him know that I was here.
 His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have staid, but—

S C E N E II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here.

Sub. Who's that? *Face.* He's come, I think, Doctor.
 Good Faich, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In Truth,
 I am very sorry, Captain. *Face.* But I thought
 Sure I should meet you. *Dap.* Ay, I am very glad.
 I had a scurvy Writ or two to make,
 And I had lent my Watch last Night to one
 That dines To-day at the Sheriff's, and so was robb'd
 Of my Pass-time? Is this the Cunning-man?

Face. This is his Worship. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor?

Face.

Face. Yes.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?

Face. Ay. *Dap.* And how?

Face. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say— *Dap.* Not so, good Captain.

Face. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should
you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Face. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is such a thing—And then he says, *Read's Matter*
Falling so lately— *Dap.* *Read?* he was an Ass,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Face.* It was a Clerk, Sir.

Dap. A Clerk?

Face. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
Better, I think— *Dap.* I should, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I shew'd the *Statute* to you? *Face.* You did so.

Dap. And will I tell then? By this Hand of Flesh,
Would it might never write good Court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiause*?

Face. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here—
As one would say, Do you think I am a *Turk*?

Face. I'll tell the Doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet Captain.

Face. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail :
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiause*.

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Answer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love—But this
I neither may, nor can. *Face.* Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiause* :
Let that, Sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear— *Face.* He has
Four Angels here— *Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these Spirits?

Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril.
Fore Heaven, I scarce can think you are my Friend,
That so would draw me to apparent Danger.

Face. I draw you? a Horse draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together— *Dap.* Nay, good Captain.

Face.

Face. That know no difference of Men;

Sub. Good Words, Sir.

Face. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.

Dap. Nay, dear Captain,

Use Master Doctor with some more Respect.

Face. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet Head.

But for your Sake, I'd choak, ere I would change

An Article of Breath with such a Puckfoist —

Come, lets be gone.

Sub. Pray you let me speak with you.

Dap. His Worship calls you, Captain. *Face.* I am sorry
I e'er embark'd myself in such a Business.

Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.

Face. Will he take then?

Sub. First hear me——

Face. Not a Syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, Sir——

Face. Upon no Terms, but an *Assumpt*.

Sub. Your Humour must be Law. [*He takes Money.*]

Face. Why now, Sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.

So may this Gentleman too.

Sub. Why, Sir —— *Face.* No whispering.

Sub. 'Fore Heaven, you do not apprehend the Loss
You do yourself in this. *Face.* Wherein? for what?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all?

He'll win up all the Money i' the Town.

Face. How!

Sub. Yes, and blow up Gamester after Gamester,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.

If I do give him a *Familiar*,

Give you him all you play for; never set him;

For he will have it. *Face.* You are mistaken, Doctor.

Why, he does ask one but for Caps and Horses,

A rising *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars*.

Dupe. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.

Sub. I told you so. *Face.* 'Slight, that's a new Business!
I understood you, a tame Bird, to fly

Twice in a Term, or so, on Friday Nights,

When

When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings: *Dap.* Ay, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I shall leave the Law,
And therefore—*Face.* Why, this changes quite the Case!
Do you think that I dare move him?

Dap. If you please, Sir;
All's one to him, I see. *Face.* What! for that Money?
I cannot with my Conscience: Nor should you
Make the Request, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
To add Consideration. *Face.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?

Sub. I say then, not a Mouth shall eat for him
At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Face.* Indeed!

Sub. He'll draw you all the Treasure of the Realm,
If it be set him. *Face.* Speak you this from Art;

Sub. Ay, Sir, and Reason too, the Ground of Art.
He is o' the only best Complexion,
The Queen of Fairy loves. *Face.* What! is he!

Sub. Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—

Face. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.

Face. Will he win at Cards too?

Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Isaac*,
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous Luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.

Face. A strange Success, that some Men shall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, Man ———

Dap. Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.

Face. Faith, I have Confidence in his good Nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ungrateful.

Sub. Why, as you please; my Venture follows yours.

Face. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him trusty, and
make him.

He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win some five thousand Pound, and send us two on't.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir.

Face. And you shall, Sir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

Face

Face. Nothing?

[*Face takes him aside.*]

Dap. A little, Sir. *Face.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.

Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Face.* The Doctor
Swears that you are ———

Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

Face. Allied to the Queen of Fairy.

Dap. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter———*Face.* Yes, and that
You were born with a Cawl o' your Head.

Dap. Who? says so? *Face.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are mistaken. *Face.* How?
Swear by your Fac? and in a thing so known
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you
I'th' other matter? Can we ever think;

When you have won five or six thousand Pound,
You'll send us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By Jove, Sir,
I'll win ten thousand Pound, and send you half.
I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jest.

Face. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
To take it so. *Dap.* I thank his Worship. *Face.* So:
Another Angel. *Dap.* Must I? *Fac.* Must you? Slight,
What else is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When must he come for his Familiar?

Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, Good Sir!
There must a World of Ceremonies pass,
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the Queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be Noon. *Face.* Not, if she danc'd, To-night.

Sub. And she must bless it. *Face.* Did you never see
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom?

Face. Your Aunt of Fairy?

Sub. Not since she kiss'd him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can resolve you that. *Face.* Well, see her Grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
And very rich; and if she take a Phant'sy,

She

She will do strange things. See her, at any Hand.

'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!

It is the Doctor's Fear. *Dap.* How will't be done then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her Grace. *Face.* Enough.

Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*]

Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way,)

Sir, against one o'Clock prepare yourself;

Till when you must be fasting; only take

Three Drops of Vinegar in at your Nose,

Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;

Then bathe your Fingers Ends, and wash your Eyes,

To sharpen your five Senses, and cry *Hum*

Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.

Face. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you,

Face. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty Nobles 'mong her Grace's Servants,

And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know

What grace her Grace may do you in clean Linen.

SCENE III.

Enter Druggier.

Sub. Come in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me
now:

Troth, I can do you no good till Afternoon.)

What is your Name, say you? *Abel Druggier?*

Drug. Yes, Sir.

Sub. A Seller of Tobacco? *Drug.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.

Free of the Grocers? *Drug.* Ay, an't please you.

Sub. Well——

Your Business, *Abel?* *Drug.* This an't please your Worship;

I am a young Beginner, and am building

Of a new Shop, an't like your Worship, just

At Corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't)

And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worship,

Which Way I should make my Door, by *Necromancy*,

And where my Shelves; and which should be for Boxes,

And

And which for Pots, I would be glad to thrive, Sir,
 And I was wish'd to your Worship by a Gentleman,
 One Captain *Face*, that says you know *Mens Planets*,
 And their good *Angels*, and their bad. *Sub.* I do,
 If I do see 'em— *Face.* What! my honest *Abel*?
 Thou art well met here. *Drug.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking,
 Just as your Worship came here, of your Worship.
 I pray you speak for me to Master Doctor.

Face. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
 This is my Friend, *Abel*, an honest Fellow;
 A neat, spruce, honest Fellow, and no Goldsmith.

Sub. He is a fortunate Fellow, that I am sure on—

Face. Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel*!

Sub. And in right way toward *Riches*—

Face. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer
 He will be of the Cloathing of his Company,
 And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet; spend what he can.

Face. What, and so little Beard? *Sub.* You must think,
 He may have a Receipt to make Hair come:
 But he'll be wise, preserve his Youth, and fine for't;
 His Fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
 I am amaz'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
 In *Metapescopy*, which I do work by;
 A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you see not.
 Your Chesnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
 Does never fail: and your long Ear doth promise.
 I knew't, by certain Spots too, in his Teeth,
 And on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.

Face. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger. Look:
 You were born upon a *Wednesday*?

Drug. Yet indeed, Sir.

Sub. The Thumb in *Chiromancy*, we give *Venus*;
 The Fore-Finger, to *Jove*; the midst, to *Saturn*;
 The Ring, to *Sol*; the least, to *Mercury*;
 Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoscope*,
 His *House of Life* being *Libra*; which foreshew'd
 He should be a Merchant, and should trade with Balance.

Face. Why this is strange? Is't not, honest *Nab*?

Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*.

That

That shall yield him such a Commodity
Of Drugs—— This is the West, and this is the South ?

Drug. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And those are your two Sides ?

Drug. Ay, Sir.

Sub. Make me your Door then South ; your Broad-side, West :

And, on the East-side of your Shop, aloft,

Write *Matblai*, *Tarmael*, and *Baraborat* ?

Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Veel*, *Thiel*.

They are the Names of those *Mercurial* Spirits,

That do fright Flies from Boxes. *Drug.* Yes, Sir.

Sub. And

Beneath your Threshold, bury me a Loadstone

To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The rest,

They'll seem to follow. *Face.* That's a Secret, *Nab* !

Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,

And a Court-fucus to call City-dames.

You shall deal much with Minerals. *Drug.* Sir, I have

At home, already— *Sub.* Ay, I know, you have, *Arsnake*,

Vitriol, *Salt-tartre*, *Argale*, *Alkaly*,

Cinoper : I know all. This Fellow, Captain,

Will come, in time, to be a great Distiller,

And give a' Say (I will not say directly,

But very fair) at the *Philosopher's Stone*.

Face. Why, how now, *Abel* ! is this true ?

Drug. Good Captain,

What must I give ? *Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.

Thou hear'st what Wealth (he says spend what thou canst)

Th'art like to come to.

Drug. I would gi' him a Crown.

Face. A Crown ! and toward such a Fortune ? Heart,

Thou shalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee ?

Drug. Yes, I have a *Portague*. I ha' kept this half Year.

Face. Out on thee, *Nab*. 'Slight, there was such an Offer

'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee ;

Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worship to drink this, and swears

He will appear more grateful, as your Skill

Does raise him in the World. *Drug.* I would intreat

Another Favour of his Worship. *Face.* What is't, *Nab* ?

Drug. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,

And cross out my ill Days, that I may neither

Bargain

Bargain, nor trust upon them. *Face.* That he shall, *Nab.* Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst Afternoon.

Sub. And a Direction for his Shelves. *Face.* Now *Nab?* Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab?*

Drug. Thank, Sir, both your Worships. [Exit.

Face. Away,

Why, now you smoaky Persecutor of Nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your Beech-coal, and your cor'sive Waters,
Your Crofslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You must have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And yet, you think, I am at no Expence,
In searching out these Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my Intelligence
Cost me more Money, than my Share oft comes too.
In these rare Works.

Sub. You are pleasant, Sir.——How now?

SCENE IV.

Enter Dol.

Face. What says my dainty *Dolkin?*

Dol. Yonder Fifth-Wife

Will not away. And there's your Giantess,
The Bawd of *Lambeth.*

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
'Through the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars.*
But I have spied Sir *Epicure Mammon.*——*Sub.* Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earnest of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub.* *Face,* go you, and shift.
Dol, you must presently make ready, too.——

Dol. Why, what's the matter?

Sub. O, I did look for him
With the Sun's Rising: Marvel, he could sleep!
This is the Day I am to perfect for him
The *Magisterium*, our great Work, the Stone:

And

And yield it, made into his Hands : of which,
 He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were possess'd,
 And now he's dealing Pieces on't away.
 Methinks I see him entring Ordinaries,
 Dispensing for the Pox, and Plaguy Houses,
 Reaching his Dose, walking *Moorfields* for Lepers,
 Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young ;
 And the Highways, for Beggars, to make rich :
 I see no end of my Labours. He will make
 Nature ashamed of her long Sleep : when Art,
 Who's but a Step-dame, shall do more than she,
 He's, in Belief of Chymistry, so bold,
 If his Dream last, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mammon, Surly.

Man. COME on, Sir. Now, you set your Foot on Shore
 In *novo Orbe* ; here's the rich *Peru* :

And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
 Great Solomon's *Opbir* ! He was failing to't,
 Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.

This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,
 I will pronounce the happy Word, *Be Rich*.

This Day you shall be *spectatissimi*.

And have you Punques, and Punquetees, my *Surly*.

And unto thee, I speak it first, *Be Rich*. — *Face*,

Where is my *Subtle*, there ? — Within, ho !

Face. [Within.] Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his Fire-drake.

His *Lungs*, his *Zephirus*, he that puffs his Coals,

Will he fire Nature up, in her own Center.

You are doubtful, Sir. This Night, I'll change

All that is Metal, in my House, to Gold.

And, early in the Morning, will I send

To

To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,
And buy their Tin, and Lead up : and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too ?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase *Devonshire* and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies* ! you admire now ?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see the Effects of the great Medicine
You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.

Mam. Why ?

Do you think, I fable with you ? I assure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by its Virtue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Respect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourscore, a Child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,

Restore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age ; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Become stout *Marses*, and beget young *Cupids*.

Sur. The decay'd *Vestals* of *Drury-Lane* would thank you,
That keep the Fire alive, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the Secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all Infections,
Cures all Diseases, coming of all Causes ;
A Month's Grief in a Day ; a Year's in twelve ;
And, of what Age soever, in a Month.
Past all the Doses of your drugging Doctors.

Mam. You're still incredulous.

Sur. Faith I have a Humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot transmute me. *Mam.* Surly,

Will you believe Antiquity ? Records ?
I'll shew you a Book, where *Moses*, and his Sister,
And *Solomon*, have written of the Art ;
Ay, and a Treatise penn'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How !

Mam. O' the *Philosopher's Stone*, and in high *Dutch*.

Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch* ? *Mam.* He did :
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. How now ?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Face.

Do we succeed? Is our Day come? and holds it;

Face. The Evening will set red upon you, Sir? You have Colour for it, Crimson: the red *Ferment* Has done his Office, three Hours hence, prepare you To see Projection. *Mam.* My *Surly*,

Again, I say to thee, aloud, *Be Rich*, This Day, thou shalt have Ingots: and, To-morrow, Give Lords th' Affront. Is it, my *Zephirus*, right? Blushes the *Boli's-head*. *Face.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir, That were, but now, discover'd to her Master.

Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs*! My only Care is, Where to get Stuff enough now, to project on. This Town will not half serve me. *Face.* No, Sir? Buy The covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true.

Face. Yes, Let 'em stand bare, as do their Auditory. Or cap 'em, new with Shingles. *Mam.* No, good Thatch: Thatch will lie light upon the Rafters, *Lungs*. *Lungs*, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace; I will restore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*, Lost in the Embers; and repair this Brain, Hurt wi' the Fume, o' the Metals. *Face.* I have blown, Sir, Hard for your Worship; these blear'd Eyes Have wak'd, to read your several Colours, Sir: Of the pale Citron, the green Lion, the Crow, The Peacock's Tail, the plumed Swan. *Mam.* And lastly, Thou hast descry'd the Flower.

Face. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* Where's Master?

Face. At's Prayers, Sir, he, Good Man, he's doing his Devotions, For the Success. *Mam.* *Lungs*, I will set a Period To all thy Labours: Thou shalt be the Master Of my *Seraglio*. *Face.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear? I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean To have a List of Wives and Concubines,

Equal

Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
 Alike with me : and I will make me a Back
 With the *Elixir*, that shall be as tough
 As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a Night.
 Th'art sure thou saw'st it, *Blood* ?

Face. Both *Blood* an *Spirit*, Sir.

Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up ; not stuff'd :
 Down is too hard.

(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby* ?) — Where I spy
 A wealthy Citizen, or a rich Lawyer,
 Have a sublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
 I'll send a thousand Pound, to be my Cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it ? *Mam*. No, I'll ha' no Bawds,
 But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it best,
 Best of all others. And my Flatterers
 Shall be the pure, and gravest of Divines
 That I can get for Money. My meet Fools,
 Eloquent Burgeesses.

We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.
 My Meat shall all come in, in *Indian Shells*.
 Dishes of Agat set in Gold, and studded
 With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
 My Foot-boy shall eat Pheasants, calver'd Salmons,
 Knots, Godwits, Lampreys : I myself will have
 The Beards of Barbels serv'd, instead of Sallads ;
 Oil'd Mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous Paps
 Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
 Dress'd with an exquisite and poyntant Sauce ;
 For which, I'll say unto my Cook, There's Gold,
 Go forth, and be a Knight. *Face*. Sir, I'll go look
 A little, how it heightens. *Exit*. *Mam*. Do, my Shirts
 I'll have of Taffata-sarsnet, soft and light
 As Cob-webs, and for all my other Rayment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the *Persian*,
 Were he to teach the World Riot anew.

My Gloves of Fishes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
 With Gums of *Paradise*, and Eastern Air —

Sur. And do' you think to have the *Stone*, with this ?

Mam. No, I do think t'have all this, with the *Stone*.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
 A pious, holy, and religious Man,

One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.

Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.
My Venture brings it me. He, honest Wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Fasting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him; 'Tis Poison.

Enter Subtle.

Mam. Good-morrow, Father.

Sub. Gentle Son, good-morrow.

And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An Heretick that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your Time
I' the just Point: prevent your Day, at Morning,
This argues something, worthy of a Fear
Of Importune, and carnal Appetite;
Take heed, do you not cause the Blessing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd Haste. I should be sorry
To see my Labours, now e'en at Perfection,
Got by long Watching, and large Patience,
Not prosper, where my Love and Zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which in all my Ends,

Have look'd no Way, but unto publick Good.

To pious Uses, and dear Charity,

Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein

If you, my Son, should now prevaricate,

And, to your own particular Lusts, employ

So great and catholick a Bliss, be sure,

A Curse will follow, yea, and overtake

Your subtle and most secret Ways. *Mam.* I know, Sir.

You shall not need to fear me. I but come,

To ha' you to confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,

Indeed, Sir, somewhat caustive of Belief

Toward your Stone: would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son,

All that I can convince him in, is this,

The Work is done: Bright Sol is in his Robe.

We have a Medicine of the triple Soul,

B

Thanks

Thanks be to Heaven,

And make us worthy of it. ULEN!

Face. within.] Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Register,
And let your Heat still lessen by Degrees,

To the *Aludels*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the *Bolt's-head* yet? *Face.* Which, on *D.* Sir? *Sub.* Ay.
What's the Complexion? *Face.* Whitish. *Sub.* Infuse Vinegar
To draw his *volatile Substance*, and his *Tincture*:

And let the Water in *Glass E.* be *felired*,
And put into the *Gripe's Egg*. Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Face.* I will, Sir.

Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Canting!

Sub. I have another Work, you never saw, Son,
That three Days since pass'd the *Philosopher's Wheel*,
In the lent Heat of *Athamor*; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me?

Sub. What need you?

You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam.* O, but—

Sub. Why, this is covetous! *Mam.* No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious Uses,
Founding of Colleges and Grammar Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hospitals,
And now, and then, a Church.

Enter Face.

Sub. How now?

Face. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the *Feltre*? *Sub.* Marry, Yes.
And bring me the Complexion of *Glass B.* [*Exit Face.*

Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub.* Yes, Son, were I assur'd
Your Piety were firm, we would not want
The Means to glorify it. But I hope the best:
I mean to tinct *C.* in *Sand-heat*, To-morrow,
And give him *Imbibition*. *Mam.* Of white Oil?

Sub. No, Sir, of red. It is come over the *Helm* too,
In *St. Mary's Bath*, and shews *Lac Virginis*.
I sent you of his *Fæces* there *calcin'd*.

Out of that *Calx*, I ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.

Mam. By pouring on your *rectified Water*?

Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athamor*.
How now? What Colour says it?

Enter

Enter Face.

Face. The Ground black, Sir.

Mam. That's your *Crow's head*?

Sur. Your Cocks-comb's, is't not?

Sub. No' 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.

That Work wants something. Sur. (O, I look'd for this.

The Hay's a pitching.) Sub. Are you sure, you loos'd 'em

From their own *Menstru*? Face. Yes, Sir, and then married 'em

And put them in a *Bolt's head*, nipp'd to *Digestion*,

According as you bade me, when I set

The *Liquor of Mars* to *Circulation*,

In the same Heat. Sub. The Process, then, was right.

Face. Yes, by the Token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,

And what was sav'd was put into the *Pellicane*,

And sign'd with *Hermes' Seal*. Sub. I think 'twas so.

We should have a new *Amalgama*. Sur. O, this Ferret

Is rank as any Pole-cat.) Sub. But I care not.

Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,

In *Embri*on. H. has his *white Shirt* on? Face. Yes, Sir.

He's ripe for *Inceration*: He stands warm,

In his *Asb Fire*. I would not, you should let

Any die now, if I might counsel, Sir,

For Luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right. Sur. Ay, are you bolted?

Face. Nay, I know't, Sir,

I have seen th' ill Fortune. What is some three Ounces

Of such *Materials*? Mam. Is't no more?

Face. No more, Sir,

Of Gold, & *amalgama*, with some six of *Mercury*.

Mam. Away, here's Money. What will serve?

Face. Ask him, Sir.

Mam. How much?

Sub. Give him Nine Pound: you may gi' him Ten,

Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

Mam. There 'tis.

Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it so;

To see Conclusions of all, for two

Of our inferior Works are at *Fixation*:

A third is in *Ascension*. Go your ways.

Ha' you set the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?

Face. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philosophers Vinegar.*

Face. Ay.

[*Exit.*

Sur. We shall have a Sallad.

Mam. When do you make *Projection*?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I *exalt* our *Medicine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo Vaporeso*,
And giving him *Solution*, then *congeal* him,
And then dissolve him, then again *congeal* him:
For look how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Virtue.
Get you your Stuff here against Afternoon,
Your Brass, your Pewter, and your Andirons.

Mam. Not those of Iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.

We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my Spits?

Sub. Yes, and your Racks.

Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks!
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he please. *Sur.* To be an Ass.

Sub. How, Sir!

Mam. This Gent'man you must bear withal:
I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And little Hope, Sir;
But much less Charity, should I gull myself.

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd Sir, in our Art,
Seems so impossible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
That you should hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd so? *Sur.* If I should?

Sub. Why I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themselves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Egg's ordained by Nature to that End,
And is a Chicken in *Potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had Time. *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. *Sub.* Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i' the Instant. Something went before.
There must be remote Matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that?

Enter

Enter Doll.

Sub. Marry, we say—
God's precious--What do you mean? Go in, good Lady,
Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet?

Enter Face.

Face. Sir?

Sub. You very Knave? do you use me thus?

Face. Wherein, Sir?

Sub. Go in, and see, you Traitor. Go.

Mam. Who is it, Sir?

Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.

Mam. What's the Matter, good Sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd? Who is't?

Sub. All Arts have still had, Sir, their *Adversaries*;
But ours the *most ignorant*. What now. [*Face returns.*

Face. 'Twas not my Fault, Sir; she would speak with you

Sub. Would she, Sir? Follow me.

Mam. Stay, Lungs. *Face.* I dare not, Sir.

Mam. How! Pray thee stay.

Face. She's mad, Sir, and sent hither——

Mam. Stay, Man, what is she! *Face.* A Lord's Sister, Sir.
(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.)
Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sur.* Why Rascal?

Face. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*

Mam. 'Fore Heaven, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy house! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way. It is his Vice.

No, he's a rare Physician, do him Right,

An excellent *Paracelsian*, and has done

Strange Cure with *Mineral Physick*. He deals all

With Spirits, he. He will not hear a Word

Of *Galen* or his tedious *Recipe's*.

How now, Lungs!

[*Face again.*

Face. Softly, Sir, speak softly. I meant
To ha' told your Worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Face. Yare very right, Sir, she is a most rare *Scholar*
And is gone mad with studying *Broughton's Works*,
If you but name a Word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.

Mam. How might one do t'have Conference with her,
Lungs?

Face. O, divers have run mad upon the Conference,
I do not know, Sir: I am sent in haste,
To fetch a Viol. *Exit.* *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.

Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores,
Mam. You are too foul, believe it.

Enter Face.

Come here, *Ulen*, one Word.

Face. I dare not, in good faith.

Mam. Stay, Knave.

Face. H' is extream angry that you saw her, Sir.

Mam. Drink that. [*gives him Money.*] What is she
when she's out of her Fit?

Face. O, the most affablest Creature, Sir! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like *Quick-silver*,
Over the Helm; and circulate; like *Oil*,
A very *Vegetal*, Discourse of *State*,
Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing——

Mam. Is she no ways accessible? no Means,
No Trick to give a Man a Taste of her — Wit —
Or so? [*Sub. within.*] *ULEN.*

Face. I'll come to you again, Sir. [*Exit.*

Mam. Surly, I did not think, one o' your Breeding
Would traduce Personages of Worth. *Sur.* Sir, *Epicure*,
Your Friend to use: yet, still, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *Philosophical* Bawds.
Their *Stone* is enough to pay for,
Without this Bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
The Original of this Disaster. Her Brother
H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you never saw her

Till

Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot, I have (believe it)
One of the treacherouſest Memories, I do think,
Of all Mankind. *Sur.* What call you her Brother?

Mam. My Lord——

He will not have his Name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous Memory! *Mam.* O' my Faith—

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this Hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble Friend,
And I reſpect his Houſe. *Sur.* Heart, can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard Means
To gull himſelf? And this be your *Elixir*,
Your *Lapis Mineralis*, and your *Lunary*,
Give me your honeſt Trick, yet, at *Primero*,
I'll have Gold before you,
And with leſs Danger of the *Quick-ſilver*,
Or the hot *Sulphur*.

Enter Face.

Face. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir? [*To Surly.*
Deſires you to meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
Some half Hour hence, and upon earneſt Buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us now and come

[*He whiſpers Mammon.*

Again within two Hours, you ſhall have
My Maſter buſy examining o' the Works;
And I will ſteal you in unto the Party,
That you may ſee her conſerſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
You'll meet the Captain's Worſhip? [*Exit.*

Sur. Sir, I will.

Now, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
I'll ſwear it, were the Maſhal here to thank me;
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, h' is the moſt authentick Dealer
I' theſe Commodities! The *Superintendant*
To all the quaint Traffickers in Town.
Him will I prove, by a third Perſon to find
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,

B 4.

You'll

You'll give your poor Friend leave, tho' no *Philosopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, Sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you?

[*Exit Sur.*]

Mam. I follow you, straight.

Face. But do so, good Sir, to avoid Suspicion,
This Gent'man has a par'lous Head.

Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,
Be constant to thy Promise? *Face.* As my Life, Sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise
me?

And say, I am a noble Fellow? *Fac.* O, what else, Sir,
And that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empress; and yourself King of *Bantam*.

Mam. Wilt thou do this?

Face. Will I, Sir? *Mam.* Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee. *Face.* Send your Stuff, Sir, that my Master
May busy himself about Projection.

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, Rogue? Take, go.

Face. Your Jack, and all, Sir.

Mam. Thou art a Villain—I will send my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me. *Face.* Not I, Sir?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good Weasel.
Set thee on a Bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the best Lord's Vermin of 'em all. *Face.* Away, Sir.

Mam. A Count, nay, a Count-Palatine.——

Face. Good, Sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

S C E N E III.

Enter Subtle and Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?

Face. And swallow'd too, my *Subtle*.

I ha' given him Line, and now he plays, i' Faith.

Sub

Sub. And shall we twitch him?

Face. Thorough both the Gills.

A Wench is a rare Bait, with which a Man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

Sub. Dol, My Lord *Wha'ts'bum's* Sister, you must now
Bear yourself ST A T E L I C H. *Dol.* O let me alone.

I'll not forget my Race, I warrant'you.

I'll keep my Distance, laugh and talk aloud;

Have all the Tricks of a proud scurvy Lady,

And be as rude as her Woman. *Face.* Well said, *Sanguine.*

Sub. But will he send his Andirons?

Face. His Jack too:

And's Iron Shoing horn: I ha' spoken to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary Gamester, yonder.

Sub. O *Monsieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?

Face. Ay, if I can strike a fine Hook into him, now,
The Temple-Church, there I have cast mine Angle.

Well, pray for me, I'll about it.

Sub. What more Gudgeons?

[*One knocks.*

Dol. scout, scout; stay, *Face*, you must go to the Door,

[*Exit Face.*

Pray Heaven it be my *Anabaptists*. Who is't, *Dol*?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like an End of Gold
and Silver-man.

Sub. God's so! 'tis he, he said he would send.

What call you him?

The sanctified Elder, that should deal

For *Mammon's* Jack and Andirons! Let him in. Away

Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now;

In a new Tune, new Gesture, but old Language,

This Fellow is sent from one negotiates with me

About the Stone too; for the holy Brethren,

Of *Amsterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope

To raise their Discipline by it. I must use him

in some strange Fashion, now to make him admire me.

SCENE IV.

Enter Face.

Sub. Where is my Drudge? *Face.* Sir.

Sub. Take away the Recipient,

B 5

And

And rectify your *Menstrue* from the *Pblegma*.

Then pour it o'the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*, /

And let 'em macerate together. *Face*. Yes, Sir.

And save the Ground? *Sub*. No, *Terra damnata*

Must not have Entrance in the *Work*.

[*Exit Face*.

Enter Anamias.

Who are you?

Ana. A faithful Brother, if it please you.

Sub. What's that?

A *Lullianist*? a *Ripley*? *Filius Artis*?

Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?

Know you the *Sapor Pontic*? *Sapor Styptic*?

Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?

Ana. I understand no *Heathen* Language, truly.

Sub. *Heathen*, you *Knipper-Doling*? is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chrysopeia*, or *Spagyrica*,

Or the *Pamphylick*, or *Panarchick* Knowledge,

A *Heathen* Language? *Ana*. *Heathen Greek*, I take it.

Sub. How? *Heathen Greek*?

Ana. All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*.

Enter Face.

Sub. Sirrah my *Varlet*, stand you forth, and speak to him,
Like a *Philosopher*; Answer i' the Language.

Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations

Of Metals in the *Work*. *Face*. Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*.

Cobobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and

Fixation. *Sub*. This is *Heathen Greek*, to you now?

And whence comes *Vivification*? *Face*. After *Mortification*.

Sub. What's *Cobobation*. *Face*. 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine Circle* of the *Seven Spheres*.

Sub. What's the proper Passion of Metals?

Face. *Malleation*.

Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. *Antimonium*.

Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And what's your
Mercury?

Face. A very Fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.

Sub. How know you him? *Face*. By his *Viscosity*.

His

His *Oleosity*, and his *Suscitability*.

Sub. How do you *sublime* him?

Face. With the *calce* of Egg shells,
White Marble, *talc.* *Sub.* Your *Magisterium*, now?
What's that? *Face.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into dry.

Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you still?
Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? *Face.* 'Tis a Stone and not
A Stone; a Spirit, a Soul, and a Body:
Which if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to fly, it *fieth*. *Sub.* Enough,
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? [Exit *Face*.
What are you, Sir?

Ana. Please you a Servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a just Account unto the *Saints*:

A Deacon. *Sub.* O, you are sent from Master *Wholsome*,
Your Teacher? *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholsome*,
Our very zealous Pastor. *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.

Ana. Of what Kind, Sir?

Sub. Pewter, and Brass, Andirons, and Kitchen-ware,
Metals, that we must use our Med'cine on;
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a Penn'orth,
For ready Money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Professors?

Sub. Why do you ask? *Ana.* Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in Truth)
Their utmost Value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their Parents were not of the *faithful*?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your Pastor. Ha' you brought Money
To buy more Coals?

Ana. No surely. *Sub.* No? How so?

Ana. The *Brethren* bid me say unto you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see *Projection*.

Sub. How! *Ana.* You have had
For the Instruments, as Bricks and Lome, and Glasses,
Already

Already thirty pound ; and for Materials,
They say, some ninety more : And they have heard since,
That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg,
And a small Paper of Pin-dust.

Sub. What's your Name ?

Ana. My Name is *Ananias*.

Sub. Out, the Varlet

That cozen'd the *Apostles* ! Hence, away,
Flee *Mischief* ; had your *holy Consistory*
No Name to send me of another Sound,
Than wicked *Ananias* ? send your *Elders*
Hither, to make Atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me Satisfaction ; or out goes
The Fire : and down th' *Alembecks*, and the *Furnace*,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou Wretch,
Both *Sericon* and *Buso* shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,
Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,
If they stay threescore Minutes. The *Aquity*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureity*
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias*. [Exit *Ananias*.]
This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A Man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an Appetite.

SCENE V.

Enter Face, and Druggier.

Face. H'is busy with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.

Sub. How now ! What Mates ? What *Baiards* ha'
we here ?

Face. I told you, he would be furious ; Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another Piece of Gold to look on :
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you
You would devise (what is it ? *Nab* ?)

Drug. A Sign, Sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving Sign, Doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Face.

Face. (Slight, do not say so.
He will repent he gave you any more.)
What say you to his *Constellation*, Doctor?
The Balance?

Sub. No, that Way is stale, and common.
A Townsman, born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
Or the Bull's-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor Device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in some mystic Character; whose *Radii*,
Striking the Senses of the Passers by,
Shall, by a virtual Influence, breed Affections,
That may result upon the Party owns it:
As thus——*Face. Nab!*

Sub. He shall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose Name is *Dee*;
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug*!
And right anent him a Dog snarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his Sign.
And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphick*!

Face. Abel, thou art made.

Drug. I do thank his Worship.

Face. Six o' thy Legs more will not do it, *Nab*.
He has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.

Drug. Yes, Sir:

I have another thing I would impart ——

Face. Out with it, *Nab*.

Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young Widow —— *Face.* (Good? a *bona raba*?)

Drug. But Nineteen at the most.

Face. Very good, *Abel*.

Drug. Marry, sh's not in Fashion yet; she wears
A Hood; but 't stands acop. *Face.* No matter, *Abel*.

Drug. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*——

Face. What! dost thou deal, *Nab*.

Sub. I did tell you, Captain.

Drug. And Physick too sometimes, Sir: for which she
trusts me

With all her Mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the Fashion.

Face. Good on, *Nab*.

Drug.

Drug. And she do's strangely long to know her Fortune.

Face. God's Lid, *Nab*, send her to the Doctor hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his Worship already; But she's afraid it will be blown abroad, And hurt her Marriage.

Face. Hurt it? 'Tis the Way To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more

Follow'd and sought: *Nab*, thou shalt tell her this:

She'll be more known, more talk'd off; and your Widows Are ne'er of any Price till they be famous;

Their Honour is the Multitude of Suitors:

Send her, it may be thy good Fortune, What?

Thou dost not know. *Drug.* No, Sir, she'll never marry Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.

Face. What, and dost thou despair, my little *Nab*? Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee, And seeing so many of the City dubb'd?

One Glas o' thy Water, with a *Madam*, I know

Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a Knight?

Drug. No, Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in 'his Land Sir, Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern His Sister here; and is a Man himself

Of some three thousand a Year, and is come up

To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,

And will go down again and die i' the Country.

Face. How! to quarrel?

Drug. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels,

As Gallants, do, to manage 'em by Line.

Face. 'Slid, *Nab*! The doctor is the only Man In *Christendom* for him. He has made a Table,

With *Mathematical* Demonstrations,

Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him

An Instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,

Him and his Sister. And, for thee, with her

The Doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to.

'Shat give his Worship a new Damask Suit.

Upon the Premises.

Sub. O, good Captain. *Face.* He shall,

He is the honestest Fellow, Doctor. Stay not,

No Offers, bring the Damask and the Parties.

Drug. I'll try my Power, Sir.

Face.

Face. And thy Will too, *Nab.*

Sub. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! what is't a Pound?

Face. He'll send you a Hoghead, Doctor.

Sub. O, no. *Face.* He will do't.

It is the goodest Soul. *Abel*, about it,

(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)

[*Exit Druggier.*

A miserable Rogue, and lives with Cheefe,
And has the Worms, That was the Cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em.

Sub. And shall, Sir. This works.

Face. A Wife, a Wife for one of us, my dear *Subtle*:

Well e'en draw Lots, and he that fails, shall have

The more in Goods, the other has in Tail.

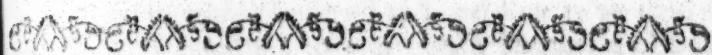
But *Del* must ha' no Breath ont. *Sub.* Mum.

Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.

Face. Pray Heaven I ha' not staid too long.

Sub. I fear it.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Tri. THESE Chastisements are common to the Saints,
And such Rebukes we of the Separation
Must bear, with willing Shoulders, as the Trials
Sent forth to tempt our Frailties.

Ana. In pure Zeal

I do not like the Man. He is a *Heathen*,

And speaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.

Tri. I think him a prophane Person indeed.

Ana. He bears

The visible Mark of the Beast in his Fore-head,

And for his *Stone*, it is a Work of Darkness,

And with *Philosophy* blinds the Eyes of Man.

Tri. Good Brother, we must bend unto all Means
That may give Furtherance to the *holy Cause*.

Ana.

Ana. Which his cannot : The *sanctified Cause*
Should have a *sanctified Course*.

Tri. Not always necessary :

The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Instruments even of the greatest Works.
Beside, we should give somewhat to Man's Nature,
The Place he lives in, still about the Fire,
And Fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The Brain of Man, and make him prone to Passion.
Where have you greater *Atheists* than your Cooks ?
Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your Glasmens ?
More *Antichristian* than your Bell-founders ?
What makes the Devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the Fire, and boiling
Brimstone and *Arsnick* ?

You did ill to upbraid him
With the *Brethrens* Blessing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the Work,
For the restoring of the *silenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosopher's Stone*.
And so a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Assur'd me ;

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man ;
Not since the beautiful Light first shone on me :
And I am sad my Zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The Motion's good,
And of the Spirit ; I will knock first : Peace be within.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. O' are you come ? 'Twas time. Your threescore
Minutes

Were at last thread, you see ; and down had gone
Furnus acediae, *Turris circulatorius* :

Lembek, *Bolts-head*, *Retort*, and *Pellicane*

Had all been Cinders. Wicked *Ananias* !

Art thou return'd ? Nay then ; it goes down yet.

Tri. Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble
Himself in Spirit, and to ask your Patience,
If too much Zeal hath carried him aside.

From

From the due Path. *Sub.* Why this doth qualify!

Tri. The *Brethren* had no Purpose, verily,
To give you the least Grievance : but are ready
To lend their willing Hands to any Project
The Spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more!

Tri. And for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful else to the holy Work,
It shall be number'd ; here by me, the *Saints*
Throw down their Purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discoursed so unto you of our *Stone*,
And of the Good that it shall bring your Cause?
Shew'd you

That even the med'cinal Use should make you a Faction,
And party in the Realm? As put the case
That some great Man in State, he have the Gout,
Why, you but send three Drops of your *Elixir*,
You help him straight : there you have made a Friend.
Another has the Palsy, or the Dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible Stuff,
He's young again : there you have made a Friend.
A Lady that is past the Feat of Body,
Tho' not of Mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore
With the Oil of *Talck* ; there you have made a Friend :
And all her Friends.

Still you increase your Friends.

Tri. Ay, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of his Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Candlemas*.

Ana. Candle-ride, I pray you.

Sub. Yet *Ananias*?

Ana. I have done.

Sub. O but the *Stone*, all's idle to't! nothing!
Nature's Miracle,

The Divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From East to West ; and whose Tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits.

Ana.

Ana. I hate *Traditions* :

I do not trust them——*Tri.* Peace.

Ana. They are *Popish*, all.

I will not peace. I will not——*Tri. Ananias.*

Ana. Please the Prophane, to grieve the Godly, I may not.

Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou shalt overcome.

Tri. It is an ignorant Zeal that haunts him, Sir. But truly, else, a very faithful *Brother*, A Botcher; and a Man, by Revelation, That hath a competent Knowledge of the Truth.

Sub. Has he a competent Sum there i' the Bag To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian, And must, for Charity and Conscience Sake, Now see the most be made for my poor Orphans: Tho' I desire the *Brethren* too, good Gainers, There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em.

And ta'en the inventory of what they are, They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more To do: Cast on the *Medicine*, so much Silver As there is Tin there, so much Gold as Brass, I'll gi' it you in by Weight. *Tri.* But how long Time Sir, must the *Saints* expect yet? *Sub.* Let me see, How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten Days hence, He will be *Silver-potato*; then three Days. Before he *citronise*: some fifteen Days The *Magisterium* will be perfected.

Ana. About the second Day of the third Week, In the ninth Month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias*.

Tri. What will the Orphans Goods arise to, think you?

Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as fill'd three Cans Unladed now; you'll make six Millions of 'em. But I must ha' more Coals laid in.

Tri. How? *Sub.* Another Load, And then we have finish'd. We must now increase Our Fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are past *Fimus equinus*, *Balnei Cineris*, And all those lenter Heats. If the holy Purse Should with this Draught fall low, and that the *Saints* Do need a present Sum, I have a Trick

To melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a Tincture make you as good *Dutch Dollars*
As any are in *Holland*. *Tri*. Can you so?

Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third Examination.

Ana. It will be joyful Tydings to the *Brethren*.

Sub. But you must carry it secret. *Tri*. Ay, but stay.
This act of Coining, is it lawful? *Ana*. Lawful?
We know no *Magistrate*. Or, if we did,
This's foreign Coin.

Sub. It is no Coining, Sir.

It is but Casting. *Tri*. Ha? You distinguish well.

Casting of Money may be lawful? *Ana*. 'Tis, Sir,

Tri. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no Scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:

This case of Conscience he is studied in.

Tri. I'll make a Question of it to the *Brethren*.

Ana. The *Brethren* shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done?

Sub. For that we'll talk anon [Knock without.
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the Parcels. That's the Inventory.

I'll come to you straight. Who is it? *Face*! Appear.

Enter *Face*.

Sub. How now? Good Prize?

Face. Good Pox! Yond' caustive Cheater
Never came on. *Sub*. How then?

Face. I ha' walk'd the round

Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And ha' you quit him?

Face. Quit him? an Hell would quit him too, he
were happy.

Slight would you have me stalk like a Mill-Jade,

All Day, for one that will not yield us Grains?

I know him of old. *Sub*. O, but to ha' gull'd him,

Had been a Mailtry. *Face*. Let him go, black Boy,

And turn thee, that some fresh News may possess thee.

A noble Count, a Don of Spain

Furnish'd with Pistolets, and Pieces of Eight,

Will

Will straight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath,
(That is the Colour) and to make his Batt'ry
Upon our *Dol*, our Castle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover* Pier, our what thou wilt.

Where is the *Doxy*? *Sub.* I will send her to thee;
And but dispatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again myself. *Face.* Are they within then?

Sub. Numb'ring the Sum. *Face.* How much?

Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy. [Exit.]

Face. Why, this's a lucky Day! ten pounds of *Maimmon*!
Three o' my Clerk! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the *Brethern*! Beside Reversions,
And States to come i'the Widow, and my Count?
My Share To-day will not be bought for forty——

Dol. What?

Face. Pounds, dainty *Dorothy*, art thou so near?

Dol. Yes, say Lord General, how fares our Camp?

Face. This dear Hour

A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou may'st make his Ransom what thou wilt,
My *Donfabel*.

Dol. What is he, General? *Face.* An *Adalantado*,
A Grande, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?

Dol. No. *Face.* Nor my *Drugger*?

Dol. Neither. *Face.* A Pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing!

Enter Subtle.

How now! ha' you done?

Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

Face. 'Slid, *Nab* shall do't against he ha' the Widow,
To furnish Household. *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray Heaven come. *Face.* I pray he keep away
Till our new Business be o'erpast. *Sub.* But, *Face*,
How cam'st thou by this Secret, *Don*? *Face.* A Spirit
Brought me th' Intelligence in a Paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*, I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath

Is famous, *Subtle*, by my Means. Sweet *Dol*,
You must go tune your Virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And do you hear? His great
Verdugossip has not a Jot of Language:
So much the easier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obscure,
And our own Coachman, whom I have sent as Guide,
No Creature else. Who's that? [One knocks.

Sub. It is not he!

Face. O, no, not yet this Hour.

Sub. Who is't? *Dol*. *Dapper*,

Your Clerk. *Face*. God's Will then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tire; and Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's dispatch him for God's sake. *Sub*. 'Twill be long.

Face. I warrant you, take but the *Cues* I give you,
It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the Widow? *Face*. No,

Not that I see. Away. [Exit *Sub*. and *Dol*.

O Sir, you are welcome.

SCENE II.

Enter *Dapper*, *Drugger*, *Kastril*.

Face. The Doctor is within moving for you;
(I have had the most ado to win him to it)
He swears you'll be the Dearing of the Dice:
He never heard her Highness dote till now (he says)
Your Aunt has giv'n you the most gracious Words
That can be thought on. *Dap*. Shall I see her Grace?

Face. See her, and kiss her too. What, honest *Nab*!

Has't brought the Damask? *Nab*. No, Sir, here's Tobacco.

Face. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: Thou'lt bring the Damask
too?

Drug. Yes; here's the Gentleman, Captain, Master
Kastril,

I have brought to see the Doctor.

Face. Where's the Widow?

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he says) shall come.

Face.

Face. O, is it so? Good Time. Is your Name *Kastril*, Sir?

Kas. Ay, and the best of the *Kastrils*, I'd be sorry else, By fifteen hundred a Year. Where is the Doctor? My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one That can do Things. Has he any Skill? *Face.* Wherein Sir?

Kas. To carry a Business, manage a Quarrel fairly, Upon fit Terms. *Face.* It seems, Sir, yo'are but young About the Town, that can make that a Question.

Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some Speech Of the angry Boys, and seen 'em take Tobacco; And in his Shop: And I can take it too.

And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down And practise i' the Country. *Face.* Sir, for the *Duello*, The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least Shadow of a Hair; And then, Rules To give and take the Lye by. *Kas.* How? to take it?

Face. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll shew you, or in *Circle*, But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town Study his *Theorems*, and dispute them ordinarily At the eating *Academies*. *Kas.* But does he teach Living by the Wits too? *Face.* Any thing whatever. You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it. He made me a Captain. I was a stark Pimp, Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him: It i' not two Months since. I'll tell you his Method: First, he will enter you at some Ordinary.

Kas. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

Face. For why, Sir?

Kas. There's Gaming there, and Tricks.

Face. Why, would you be

A Gallant, and not game? *Kas.* Ay, 'twill spend a Man.

Face. Spend you? It will repair you when you are spent. How do they live by their Wits there, that have vented Six Times your Fortunes?

Kas. What, three thousand a Year!

Face. Ay, forty thousand.

Kas. Are there such? *Face.* Ay, Sir.

And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman Is born to nothing, forty Marks a Year,

Which

Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a *Flye* o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unresistable Luck, within this Fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Barony*.

Kas. Do you not gull one?

Face. 'Ods my Life! Do you think it?

Why, *Nab* here knows him.

And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'st Man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counsel, and to know their Fortunes.

Kas. Adzooks, my Suster shall see him.

Face. I'll tell you, Sir,

What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a strange Thing!

By the Way, you must eat no Cheese, *Nab*, it breeds
Melancholy:

And that same Melancholy breeds Worms) but pass it,
He told me honest *Nab*, here was ne'er at Tavern
But once in's Life! *Drug.* Truth, and no more I was not.

Face. And then he was so sick——

Drug. Could he tell you that too?

Face. How should I know it?

Drug. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a Piece of fat Ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o'my Stomach——

Face. And he has no Head

To bear any Wine; for what with the Noise of the Fidlere,
And Care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servant——

Drug. My Head did so ake——

Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good Old Woman——

Drug. (Yes, Faith, she dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me.
With foddren Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:

Cost me but Two-pence. I had another Sicknes

Was worse than that. *Face.* Ay, that was the Grief

Thou took'st for being sefs'd at Eighteen-pence,

For the Water-work. *Drug.* In truth, and it was like

I have cost me almost my Life *Face.* Thy Hair went off?

Drug. Yes, 'twas done for spight.

Face. Nay, so says the Doctor.

Kas.

Kaf. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Sister, I'll see this learned Boy before I go:
 And so shall she. *Face.* Sir, he is busy now:
 But if you have a Sister to fetch hither,
 Perhaps your own Pains may command her sooner;
 And he by that Time will be free. *Kaf.* I go.

[*Exeunt Druggier and Kaf.*

Face. *Druggier*, she's thine: the Damask. (*Subtle* and I Must wrestle for her.) Come on, Master *Dapper*.
 You see how I turn Clients here away,
 To give your Cause Dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
 The Ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

Dap. Yes, o'the Vinegar,
 And the clean Shirt.

Face. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
 More Worship than you think. Your Aunt's a-fire,
 But that she will not shew it, t'have a Sight o' you.
 Ha' you provided for her Grace's Servants?

Dap. Yes, here are fix-score *Edward's* Shillings.

Face. Good.

Dap. And an old *Harry's* Sovereign. *Face.* Very good.

Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth* Groat.
 Just twenty Nobles. *Face.* O, you are too just.
 I would you had the other Noble in *Mary's*.

Dap. I have some *Philip* and *Mary's*. *Face.* Ay, those same
 Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Is yet her Grace's Cousin come? *Face.* He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting? *Face.* Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd Hum?

Face. Thrice, you must answer. *Dap.* Thrice.

Sub. And as oft Buz?

Face. If you have, say. *Dap.* I have.

Sub. Then, to her Cuz,
 Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his Senses,
 As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* dispenses,
 By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of Fortune;
 Which that he straight put on, she doth importune,
 And

nd though to *Fortune* near be her Perticoat,
et nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note :
nd therefore, even of that a Piece she has sent,
hich, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent ;
nd prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
With as much Love as then her *Grace* did tear it)
bout his Eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a Rag.*

nd, trusting unto her to make his State,
e'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him ;
hich that he will perform, she doth not doubt him ;
Face. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,
ut what he will part withal as willingly,
pon her *Grace*'s Word (Throw away your Purse.)
s she would ask it : (Handkerchiefs and all)
he cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
If you have a Ring about you, cast it off,
Or a Silver Seal at your Wrist ; her *Grace* will send
Her *Fairies* here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her *Highbness*. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)

[*He throws away, as they bid him.*

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Face. All what ? Dap. My Money, truly.

Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.

ook, the *Elves* are come

To pinch you, if you tell not Truth. Advise you.

Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't.

Face. *Ti, ti.*

They knew't, they say. Sub. *Ti, ti, ti, ti*, he has more yet.

Face. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I'the t'other Pocket ?

Dap. O, o.

Face. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *Grace*'s Nephew.

Ti, ti, ti ? What care you ? Good Faith, you shall care,

Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the *Fairies*. Shew

You are an Innocent.

Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing

But a Half-Crown

Of Gold, about my Wrist, that my Love gave me ;

And a leaden Heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

G

Face.

Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur Your Aunt's Displeasure for these Trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns. You may wear your leaden Heart still. [*Knock.*] How now?

Enter Dol.

Sub. What News, *Dol*?

Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon*.

Face. God's Lid, we never thought of him till now. Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. H's at the Door.

Sub. And you are not ready now?

Dol. He must be sent back. *Face.* O, by no Means. What shall we do with this same Puffing here, Now he's o' the Spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back a while.

With some Device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her Grace speak with me? [*Knock.*]

I come. Help. *Dol. Face.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure*.

[*He speaks through the Key hole, the other knocking.*]
My Master's i' the Way. Please you to walk

Three or four Turns, but till his Back be turn'd, And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her Grace Commends her kindly to you, Master *Dapper*.

Dap. I long to see her Grace. *Sub.* She now is set At Dinner in her Bed, and she has sent you From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouse, And a piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal, And stay your Stomach, lest you faint with fasting: Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says) It would be better for you. *Face.* Sir, he shall Hold out an' 'twere this two Hours, for her Highness I can assure you that. We will not lose

All we ha' done—— *Sub.* He must not see, nor speak To any body, till then. *Face.* For that we'll put, Sir, A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what?

Face. Of Ginger-bread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.

Gape Sir, and let him fit you. *Sub.* Where shall we now Bestow him? *Dol.* I' the Privy.

Sub.

Sub. Come along, Sir,

now must shew you *Fortune's* Privy Lodgings.

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? Sub. All.
Only the Fumigation's somewhat strong.

Face. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by. [Ext.]

~~ACT IV. SCENE I.~~

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face, and Mammon meet.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time?

Mam. Where's Master?

Face. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will be all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into Gold?

Face. To Gold and Silver, Sir. Mam. Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.

Mam. Where's the Lady?

Face. Athand here. Iha'told her such brave things o'you,
Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit——

Mam. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her Fit to see you.

But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,

For fear of putting her in rage—— Mam. I warrant thee.

Face. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man should hear or see you—— Mam. Fear not.

Face. The very House, Sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is, and violent

'Gainst the least Act of Sin. *Physick*, or *Mathematicks*,

Poetry, *State*, or *Beauty* (as I told you)

She will endure, and never startle: But

No Word of Controversy.

Mam. I am school'd, good ULEN.

Face. And you must praise her House, remember that,

And her Nobility. Mam. Let me alone:

No Herald, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,

Shall do it better. Go. Face. Why, this is yet

A kind of modern Happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great Lady.

[Exit.

Mam. Now, *Epicure*,
 Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in Gold;
 Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
 Unto his *Danae*: Shew the God a Miser,
 Compar'd with *Mammon*. What, the *Stone* will do't.
 She shall feel Gold, taste Gold, hear Gold, sleep Gold:
 Nay, we will *concumbers* Gold. I will be puissant,
 And mighty in my Talk to her.

Enter Dol.

Here she comes.

Face. To him, *Dol*, suckle him. This is the noble Knight,
 I told your Ladyship— *Mam.* Madam, with your Pardon,
 I kiss your Vesture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
 If I would suffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.

Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in Health, Lady.

Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.

Face. (Well said, my *Guiny*-bird.)

Mam. Right noble Madam——

Face. (O, we shall have most fierce Idolatry.)

Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.

Dol. Rather your Courtesy.

Mam. Were there nought else t'enlarge your Virtues
 to me,

These Answers speak your Breeding, and your Blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, Sir, a poor Baron's Daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? Prophane not. Had your Father
 Slept all the happy Remnant of his Life
 After that Act,

H' had done enough to make himself, his Issue,
 And his Posterity Noble.

Face. I'll in, and laugh.

[Exit.

Mam. Sweet Madam, let me be particular——

Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your Distance.

Mam. In no ill Sense, sweet Lady, but to ask
 How your fair Grace's pass the Hours? I see
 Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the House of a rare Man,
 An excellent Artist; but what's that to you?

Dol.

Dol. Yes, Sir, I study here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Distillation*. *Mam.* O, I cry you Pardon.
He's a Divine Instructor.

Dol. Ay, and for his Physick, Sir——

Mam. Above the Art of *Æsculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with these Studies, that contemplate Nature.

Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to so dark a Use.

I muse, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You should spend half my Land first, were I he.
Does not this Diamond better on my Finger,
Than the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes.

Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first Pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In Chains of Adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest Bands.
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth stand, this Hour, the happiest Man in *Europe*.
Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.

Dol. Say you so, Sir *Epicure*!

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have cast mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Stiles. *Dol.* You mean no Treason, Sir?

Mam. No, I will take away that Jealousy.
I am the Lord of the *Philosopher's Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the Master of the *Mastery*.
This Day the good old Wretch here o' the House,
Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think therefore thy first Wish now; let me hear it:
And it shall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee.

Dol. I could well consent, Sir,

But, in a Monarchy how will this be ?
The Prince will soon take Notice, and both seize
You and your *Stone*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject.

Mam. 'Tis no idle Fear :

We'll therefore go with all, my Girl, and live
In a free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High-country Wines, sup Pheasants Eggs,
And have our Cockles boil'd in silver Shells,
Our Shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whose Cream does look like Opals; and with these
Delicate Meats set ourselves high for Pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And so enjoy a Perpetuity of Life and Lust.

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, you're too loud. I hear you every Word
Into the Laboratory. Some fitter Place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you her?

Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee. [*Gives Money*]

Face. But do you hear?

Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.

Mam. We think not on 'em. [*Exe. Mam. and Doll*]

Face. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

Enter Subtle.

Face. Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Face.* All's clear.

Sub. The Widow is come.

Face. And your quarrelling Disciple?

Sub. Ay. *Face.* I must to my Captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.

Face. So I meant. What is she?

A *Bony-bell*? *Sub.* I know not. *Face.* We'll draw Lots
You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

To the Door, Man.

Face

Face. You'll have the first Kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Nostrils.

Enter Kastril and Pliant.

Face. Who would you speak with?

Kaf. Where's the Captain? *Face.* Gone, Sir,

About some Business.

Kaf. Gone? *Face.* He'll return straight.

But Master Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Land; make thy Approaches:

Welcome: I know thy Lust, and thy Desires,

And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;

Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. *Kaf.* You lye.

Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud Lye?

For what, my sudden Boy? *Kaf.* Nay, that look you to,

I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true Grammar,

And as ill *Logick*! You must render Causes, Child,

Your first and second *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,

And your *Divisions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,

And ha' your *Elements* perfect——*Kaf.* What is this!

The angry Tongue he talks in? *Sub.* That false Precept

Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,

And made 'em enter Quarrels, oftentimes,

Before they were aware; and afterward,

Against their Wills? *Kaf.* How must I do then, Sir?

Sub. I cry this Lady Mercy: She should first

Have been saluted. I do call you Lady,

Because you are to be one, ere't be long,

My soft and buxom Widow.

[*He kisses her.*]

Kaf. Is she, i'Faith?

Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Lyar.

Kaf. How know you?

Sub. By Inspection on her Forehead,

And Subtilty of her Lip, which must be tasted

Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, she melts

[*He kisses her again.*]

Like a *Myrabolane*! Here is yet a Line,

In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.

Pli. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me see your Hand
 O, your *Linea Fortune* makes it plain;
 And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*;
 But most of all, *Junctura annularis*.
 He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady;
 But shall have some great Honour shortly. *Pli.* Brother,
 He's a rare Man, believe me! *Kas.* Hold your Peace,
 Here comes the t'other rare Man.

Enter Face.

'Save you, Captain.

Face. Good Master *Kasril*. Is this your Sister?

Kas. Ay, Sir.

Please to kifs her, and be proud to know her?

Face. I shall be proud to know you, Lady.

Pli. Brother, he calls me Lady too.

Kas. Ay, peace. I heard it.

Face. The Count is come.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him. *Face.* What'll you do?

Sub. Where is he? *Face.* At the Door.

With these the while?

Sub. Why have 'em up, and shew 'em

Some fustian Book, or the dark Glasse. *Face.* 'Fore God,
 She is a delicate Dab-chick! I must have her. [*Exit*]

Sub. Must you? Ay, if your Fortune will, you must.

Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us presently:

I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonstrations*,

Where I'll shew you my Instrument,

That hath the several Scales upon't, shall make you
 Able to quarrel, at a Straw's-breadth by Moon-light.

And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glasse,

Some half an Hour, but to clear your Eye-sight,

Against you see your Fortune; which is greater

Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

Face, and Subtle meet.

Face. Where are you, Doctor?

Sub. I'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same Widow, now I ha' seen her

On any Composition. *Sub.* What do you say?

Face

Face. Ha' you dispos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha sent 'em up.

Face. *Subtle*, in troth, I needs must have this *Widow*.

Sub. Is that the Matter?

Face. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,

If you rebel once, *Dol* shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive—

Thou art old, and can'st not serve—

Sub. Who, cannot I?

Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a— *Face.* Nay,

But understand: I'll gi' you Composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, sell my Fortune?

'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*

Knows it directly. *Face.* Well, Sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in State?

Sub. I follow you, Sir; We must keep *Face* in awe,

Or he will overlook us like a Tyrant.

Brain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John*?

Enter Surly like a Spaniard.

Sur. *Sennores*, beso las manos, á vuestras mercedes.

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kits'd our *anos*.

Face. Peace, *Subtle*.

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, Man.

He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,

Serv'd in by a short Cloak upon two Tressils.

Fac. Or, what do you say to a Collar of Brawn, cut down

Beneath the Soufe, and wriggled with a Knife?

Sub. *Don*, your scurvy, yellow, *Madrid Face* is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.* *Sub.* He speaks out of a Fortification.

Pray God, he ha' no Squibs in those deep Sets.

Sur. *Per dios*, *Sennores*, muy linda casa!

Sub. What says he? *Face.* Praises the House, I think;

I know no more but's Action. *Sub.* Yes, the Casa.

My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozen'd, *Diego.* *Face.* Cozen'd do you see?

My worthy *Donzel* cozen'd. *Sur.* *Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don*.

Have you brought Pistolets, or Portagues,
My solemn *Don*? Dost thou feel any? *Face*. Full.

[*He feels his Pockets.*]

Sub. You shall be emptied, *Dan*, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say.

Face. 'Slid, *Subtle*, how shall we do?

Sub. For what?

Face. Why *Dol*'s employ'd you know. *Sub*. That's true.
'Fore Heaven, I know not:

Mammon must not be troubled. *Face*. *Mammon*! in no Case.
Think: you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermosa, que codicio
tan*

a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.

Face. *Mi vida*? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o'
the Widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't? ha?
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our Venture
Now lies upon't, It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beside
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or lost,
What dost thou think on't, *Subtle*.

Sub. Who, I, why?

Face. The Credit of our House too is engag'd.

Sub. You made me an Offer for my Share e're-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i'Faith? *Face*. O, by that Light
I'll not buy now. You know your Doom to me.
E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.

Sur. *Sennores, por que se tarda tanta?*

Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

Face. That's now no Reason, Sir.

Sur. *Puede ser, de baxer burla de mi amor.*

Face. You hear the *Dan* too? By this Air, I call,
And loose the Hinges: *Dol*. *Sub*. A Plague of Hell—

Face. Will you then do? *Sub*. Yo'are a terrible Rogue.
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?

Face. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better. *Sub*. With all my Heart, Sir.
Am I discharg'd o' the Lot? *Face*. As you please.

Sub

Sub. Hands.

Face. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.

Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? Fate, let me wed a Witch first.

Sur. *Por estas honrada's barbas*——

Sub. He swears by his Beard.

Dispatch, and call the Brother too.

[Exit Face.

Sur. *Tiengo, duda, Sennores,*

Que no me bogan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *præsto Sennor.* Please you
Entreat the *Chambrata*, worthy Don?

Where if you please the Fates, in your *Batbada*,
You shall be soak'd, and stroak'd, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear Don, before you go.

You shall in Faith, my scurvy Baboon Don,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.

I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punk so much the sooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face :

The quickly doing of it is the Grace.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Face, Kastril, and Pliant.

Fac. Come, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very Nick of her Fortune.

Kas. To be a Countess, say you? A *Spanish Countess*, Sir?

Pli. Why, is that better than an *English Countess*?

Face. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Question, Lady?

Enter Subtle.

Here comes the Doctor. Sub. My most honour'd Lady.

For so I am now to stile you, having found

By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo

An honourable Fortune, very shortly)

What will you say now, if some——

Face. I have told her all, Sir;

And her right worshipful Brother here, that she shall be

A

A Countess; do not delay 'em, Sir; a *Spanish Countess*.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kas. She shall do that, Sir,
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge.

Sub. Well then: Nought rests
But that she fit her Love now to her Fortune.

Pli. Truly I shall never brook a *Spaniard*. Sub. No?

Pli. Never sin' *Eighty-eight* could I abide 'em,
And that was some three Year afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable.

Pli. Why?

I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. Kas. Do,
Or by this Hand, you are not my Sister,
If you refuse. Pli. I will not refuse, Brother.

Sub. *Que es esto, Seniores, que non se venga?*
Esta tardanza me mata! Face. It is the Count come?
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.

Sub. *En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada*
Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

Face. Is't not a gallant Language that they speak?

Kas. An admirable Language! Is't not *French*?

Face. No, *Spanish*, Sir. Kas. It goes like *Law-French*
And that, they say, is the courtliest Language.

Face. List, Sir.

He admires your Sister.

Kas. Must not she make a *Curtsey*?

Sub. Od's Will, she must go to him, Man, and kiss him
It is the *Spanish* Fashion, for the Women
To make first Court. Sir:

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him! Gull
Noddy. Pli. What say you, Brother?

Kas. Afs, my Sister,

Go kiss him, as the cunning Man would ha' you,
I'll thrust a Pin i' your Buttocks else. Face. O, no Sir

Sur. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*

Kas. Where does he carry her?

Face

Face. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no Thought: I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give *Dol* the Word. [*Exit Face.*] Come, my
fierce Child, advance.

We'll to our quarrelling Lesson again. *Kas.* Agreed,
I love a *Spanish* Boy with all my Heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this Means, Sir, you shall be Brother
To a great Count. *Kas.* Ay, I knew that at first.

This March will advance the House of the *Kassrils*.

Sub. Pray God your Sister prove but pliant.

Kas. Why,

Her Name is so, by her other Husband. *Sub.* How!

Kas. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?

Sub. No, Faith, Sir:

Yet, by Erection of her Figure, I guess'd it.

Come, let's go practise.

Kas. Yes, but do you think, Doctor,

I e'er shall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Dol, and Mammon.

Dol. For, after Alexander's Death--[*In her Fit of Talking.*]

Mam. Good Lady—

Dol. That *Pérriccas* and *Antigonus* were slain,
The two that flood, *Seleuc'*, and *Ptolmee*—

Mam. Madam.

Dol. Made up the two Legs, and the fourth Beast,
That was *Gog-north*, and *Egypt-south*: which after
Was call'd *Gog-Iron-leg*, and *South Iron-leg*—

Mam. La—

Dol. And then *Gog-borned*. So was *Egypt*, too.
Then *Egypt clay-leg*, and *Gog clay-leg*—

Mam. Sweet Madam.

Dol. And last *Gog-dust*, and *Egypt-dust*, which fall
In the last Link of the fourth Chain. And these
Be Stars in Story, which none see or look at—

Mam. What shall I do?

Dol. For, as she says, except

We

We call the Rabins, and the Heathen Greeks——

Mam. Dear Lady.

*Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the People of Great-Britain.*

Enter Face.

Face. What's the Matter, Sir.

Dol. To speak the Tongue of Eber, and Javan——

Mam. O, she's in her Fit.

Dol. We shall know nothing——

Face. Death, Sir,

We are undone. My Master will hear !

Dol. A Wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——

Mam. Sweet honourable Lady.

Dol. To comprize

All Sounds of Voices, in few Marks of Letters——

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

*Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud Skill,
And prophane Greek, to raise the Building up
Of Helen's House against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarima, and his Habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the Force
Of King Abaddon, and the Beast of Gittim;
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Omkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.*

Face. How did you put her into't ?

Mam. Alas, I talk'd

*Of a fifth Monarchy I would erect, [They speak together
With the Philosopher's Stone (by Chance) and she
Falls on the other four straight. Face. Out of Broughton
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her Mouth. Mam. Is't best ?*

*Face. She'll never leave else. If the old Man hear her,
We are but Faces, Ashes.*

Sub. [within.] What's to do there ?

Face. O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me ?

[Upon Subtle's Entry they disperse]

Sub. How, what Sight is here !

*Close Deeds of Darkness, and that shun the Light !
Bring him again, who is he ? what, my Son !*

O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay good, dear Father,
There was no unchaste Purpose. *Sub.* No? and flee me
When I come in? *Mam.* That was my Error. *Sub.* Error?
Guilt, Guilt my Son. Give it the right Name. No marvel
If I found Check in our great *Work* within,
When such Affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood still this half Hour;
And all the rest of our *less Works* gone back.
Where is the Instrument of Wickedness,
My lew'd false Drudge?

Mam. Nay, good Sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his Will, or Knowledge.
I saw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more Sin,
To excuse a Varlet? *Mam.* By my Hope 'tis true, Sir?

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The Blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt Heaven:
And lose your Fortunes. *Mam.* Why, Sir?

Sub. This 'll retard
The *Work*, a Month at least. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What Remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our Purposes were honest. *Sub.* As they were,
So the Reward will prove. How now! Aye me.

[A great Crack and Noise within.]

God, and all Saints be good to us! What's that?

Face. O, Sir, we are defeated all the *Works*
Are flown in *fumo*:

Retorts, Receivers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers! Help, good Sir! alas,

[Subtle falls down as in a Swoon.]

Coldness and Death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,
Do the fair Office of a Man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart than he. [One knocks.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.

Mam. Ha, *Lungs*?

Face. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his Sight,
For he's as furious as his Sister is mad. [One knocks.

Mam. Alas!

Face. My Brain is quite undone with the Fume, Sir.
ne'er must hope to be mine own Man again.

Mam.

Mam. Is all lost, *Lungs*? Will nothing be preserv'd,
Of all our Cost! *Face.* Faith very little, Sir.

A Peck of Coals or so, which is cold Comfort, Sir.

Mam. O My voluptuous Mind! I'm justly punish'd.

Face. And so am I, Sir.

Mam. Cast from all my Hopes——

Face. Nay, Certainties, Sir.

Mam. By mine own base Affections.

Sub. O, the curs'd Fruits of Vice and Lust!

[*Subtle seems to come to himself.*]

Mam. Good Father,

It was my Sin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof

Over us still, and will not fall, O Justice,

Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Face.* Nay, look, Sir,

You grieve him now with staying in his sight:

Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,

And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam.* I'll go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,

For some good Penance you may have it yet,

A hundred Pound to the Box at *Betblem*---*Mam.* Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as ha' their Wits.

Mam. I'll do't.

Fac. I'll send one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.

Is no *Projection* left? *Face.* All flown, or stinks, Sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good for Medicine,
think'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scraping of the Shards,
Will cure the Itch,

It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,

This Way, for fear the Lord should meet you. [*Exit Mam.*]

Sub. *Face.*

Face. Ay. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Face.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.

Let us be light though. *Sub.* Ay, as Balls, and bound

And hit our Heads against the Roof for Joy:

There's so much of our Care now cast away.

Face. Now to our *Don.*

Sub. Yes, your young Widow, by this Time
Is made a *Countess*.

Fac.

The ALCHEMIST.

65

Face. Sh' has been in Travail
Of a young Heir for you.

Face. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your Case,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom should,
After these common Hazards. *Face.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir.
Would *Dol* were in her Place, to pick his Pockets now.

Face. Why, you can do it as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your Virtue.

Sub. For your Sake, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Surly, and Dame Pliant.

Sur. Lady, you see into what Hands you are fal'n;
Mongst what a Nest of Villains! and how near
Your Honour was t'have catch'd a certain Ruin
(Thro' your Credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as Place, Time,
And other Circumstances would ha' made a Man:
For yo'are a handsome Woman, would you were wise too.
I am a Gentleman come here disguis'd,
Only to find the Knaveries of this Citadel,
And where I might ha' wrong'd your Honour, and ha' not,
I claim some Interest in your Love. You are,
They say, a Widow, rich: and I am a Batchelor,
Worth nought: your Fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for these Houshold-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. How doth my noble *Diego*?
And my dear Madam Countess? Hath the Count
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Dogel, methinks you look melancholick,
After your Coitum, and Scurvy! True-ly,

I

I do not like the Dullness of your Eye,
It hath a heavy Cast, 'tis *upsee-Dutch*,
And says you are a lumpish Whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets so.

[He falls to picking of them.

Sur. Will you, *Don Bawd*, and Pick-purse? How
now! Reel you?

Stand up, Sir, you shall find since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal Weight. Sub. Help, Murder!

Sur. No, Sir. There's no such Thing intended. A good
Cart,

And a clean Whip shall ease you of that Fear.
I am the *Spanish Don*, that should be cozened.
Do you see? cozened? where's your Captain Face?

Enter Face.

Face. How, Surly!

Sur. O, make your Approach, good Captain.
I have found from whence your Copper Rings and Spoon
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
(And this Doctor.)

Your footy, smoaky-bearded Compeer, he
Will close you so much Gold, in a Bolt's-head,

[Face steals off]

And on a Turn, convey (i'the stead) another
With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i'the Heat,
And fly out all in *fumo*?

Nay, Sir, you must tarry

Tho' he be be 'scap'd; and answer, by the Ears, Sir.

Enter Face and Kastrill.

Face. Why, now's the Time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they say) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor and your Sister both are abus'd.

Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave
What e'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? Sur. I should be loth, Sir,
To confess so much. Kas. Then you lye i' your Throat.

Sur. How?

Face. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would cross him.

If he knew how—

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.

Kaf. You lye :

And 'tis no matter. *Face.* Well said, Sir. He is
The impudent'st Rascal——

Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir ?

Face. By no means : Bid him be gone.

Kaf. Be gone, Sir quickly.

Sur. This's strange ! Lady, do you inform your Brother.

Face. There is not such a Foist in all the Town,
The Doctor had him presently : and finds yet,
The *Spanish Count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle*.

Sub. Yes, Sir, he must appear within this Hour.

Face. And yet this Rogue will come in a Disguise,
By the Temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, tho' he could not hurt it. *Kaf.* Ay,
I know—Away, you talk like a foolish Mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is Truth, she says.

Face. Do not believe him, Sir.

He is the lying'st Swabber ! Come your Ways, Sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of Company.

Kaf. Yes ? How then, Sir.

Face. Nay, here's an honest Fellow too, that knows him
And all his Tricks. (Make good what I say, *Abel*)

This Cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o'the Widow.

He owes this honest *Drugger*, here, seven Pound,

He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tobacca*.

Drug. Yes, Sir. And he has damn'd himself three
Terms to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for *Lotium* ?

Drug. Thirty Shillings, Sir.

And for six *Syrenge*s. *Sur.* *Hydra* of Villany !

Face. Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o'the House.

Kaf. I will. Sir, if you get not out o'Doors, you lye :
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why, this is Madness, Sir,
Not Valour in you : I must laugh at this.

Kaf. It is my Humour : you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot*.

Drug. Or a Knight o'the curious *Coxcomb*. Do you see ?
Ana.

Ana. Peace to the Household.

Kaf. I'll keep Peace for no Man.

Ana. Casting of Dollars is concluded lawful.

Kaf. Is he the Contable? *Sub.* Peace, *Anania*.

Face. No, Sir.

Kaf. Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a Whit,

A very *Tim.* *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir?

Kaf. I will not.

Ana. What is the Motive?

Sub. Zeal in the Gentleman,

Against his *Spanish* Slops—— *Ana.* They are prophane
Lewd, Superstitious, and Idolatrous Breeches.

Sur. New Rascals! *Kaf.* Will you be gone. *Sur.*

Ana. Avoid *Satan*.

Thou art not of the Light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: and is the same
With that which the unclean Birds, in *seventy-seven*,
Were seen to prank it with, on divers Coasts.

Thou look'st like *Antichrist*, in the lewd Hat.

Sur. I must give way. *Kaf.* Be gone, Sir.

Sur. But I'll take a Course with you. ——

Ana. Depart, proud *Spanish* Fiend.

Sur. Captain, and Doctor—— *Ana.* Child of Perdition

Kaf. Hence, Sir.

Did I not quarrel bravely? *Face.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

Kaf. Nay, an' I give my Mind to't, I shall do't.

Face. O, you must follow, Sir, and threaten him then.
He'll turn again else. *Kaf.* I'll return him then.

Face. *Drugger*, this Rogue prevented us, for thee.
We had determin'd that thou should'st ha' come,
In a *Spanish* Suit, and ha' carried her so; and he
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast' brought the Damask? *Drug.* Yes, Sir.

Face. Thou must borrow

A *Spanish* Suit. Hast thou no credit with the Players?

Drug. Yes, Sir: did you never see me play the Fool?

Face. Thou shalt, if I can help it.

Hieronomy's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will serve,

[Subtle hath whispered with him this while]

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

Ana. Sir, I know

The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies

Upon their Actions: and that this was one

I make no scruple. But the holy Synod

Have been in Prayer and Meditation for it.

And 'tis revealed no less to them than me,

That casting of Money is most lawful. *Sub.* True;

But here I cannot do it; if the House

Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,

And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,

To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out;

And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell

This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,

That the whole Company of the *Separation*

May join in humble Prayer again. (*Sub.* And Fasting.)

Ana. Yea, for some fitter Place. The Peace of Mind

Rest with these Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.

Face. What did he come for? *Sub.* About casting Dollars,

Presently out of Hand. And so I told him,

A *Spanish* Minister came here to spy,

Against the Faithful—*Face.* I conceive. Come, *Subtle*,

Thou art so down upon the least Disaster!

How would'st thou ha'done, if I had not help'd thee out?

Sub. I thank thee, *Face*, for the angry Boy, i' Faith.

Face. Who would ha' look'd it should ha' been that

Rascal *Surly*.

Well, Sir,

Here's *Damask* come to make you a Suit.

Sur. Where's *Drugger*?

Face. He's gone to borrow me a *Spanish* Habit;

Will be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the Widow?

Face. Within, with my Lord's Sister: Madam *Dol*

entertaining her. *Sub.* By your Favour, *Face*,

Now she is honest I will stand again.

Face. You will not offer it? *Sur.* Why?

Face. Stand to your Word

—here comes *Dol*. She knows—

Sub. Yo'are tyrannous still.

Face. Strict for my Right.

Enter

Enter Dol.

How now, *Dol*? Hast 'told her.

The *Spanish Count* will come?

Dol. Yes, but another is come,

You little look'd for! *Face.* Who's that?

Dol. Your Master:

The Master of the House. *Sub.* How, *Dol*?

Face. She lyes,

This is some Trick. Come, leave your Quibblings, *Dorcas*

Dol. Look out and see. *Sub.* Art thou in earnest?

Dol. 'Slight.

Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.

Face. 'Tis he, by this good Day.

Dol. 'Twill prove ill Day.

For some on us. *Face.* We are undone, and taken.

Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.

Sub. You said he would not come,

While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.

Face. No: 'Twas within the Walls.

Sub. What shall we do now, *Face*?

Face. Be silent: not a Word, if he call or knock.

I'll into mine old Shape again and meet him,

Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I'the mean Time,

Do you two pack up all the Goods, and purchase,

That we can carry i' the two Trunks. I'll help him

Off for To-day, if I cannot longer: and then

At Night, I'll ship you both away to *Ratcliff*,

Where we'll meet To-morrow, and there we'll share

Let *Mammon's* Brass and Pewter keep the Cellar:

We'll have another Time for that.



A C T V.

Love-wit, and Neighbours.

Love. HAS there been such Resort, say you?

1 *Nei.* Daily, Sir.

2 *Nei.* And Nightly, too.

3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as Lords.

4 *Nei.* Ladies, and Gentlewomen.

5 *Nei.* Citizens Wives. And Knights. In Coaches.

2 *Nei.* Yes, and Oyfter-women.

1 *Nei.* Beside other Gallants. 3 *Nei.* Sailors Wives,

4 *Nei.* Tobacco-men. 5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico!

Love. What should my Knave advance,

To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners

Of a strange Calf, with five Legs, to be seen?

Or a huge Lobster, with six Claws? 6 *Nei.* No, Sir.

3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, Sir.

Love. He has no Gift

Of teaching i'the Nose, that e'er I knew of.

You saw no Bills set up that promis'd Cure

Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach?

2 *Nei.* No such Thing, Sir.

Love. Nor heard a Drum struck, for Baboons, or
Puppets?

5 *Nei.* Neither, Sir.

Love. What Device should he bring forth now?

I love a teeming Wit as I love my Nourishment:

Pray Heav'n he ha' not kept such open House,

That he hath sold my Hangings, and my Bedding:

Left him nothing else: If he have eat 'em,

Plague o' the Mouth, say I: Sure he has got

Some bawdy Pictures, to call all this Gang.

When saw you him? 1 *Nei.* Who, Sir, *Jeremy?*

2 *Nei.* *Jeremy* Butler?

Love. How! We saw him not this Month.

4 *Nei.*

4 *Nei.* Not these five Weeks, Sir.

6 *Nei.* These six Weeks, at the least.

Love. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours!

5 *Nei.* Sure, if your Worship know not where he
He's slipt away.

6 *Nei.* Pray Heav'n, he be not made away. [*He kneels*]

Love. Ha; It's no time to question, then.

6 *Nei.* About

Some three Weeks since, I heard a doleful Cry,
As I sat up, a mending my Wife's Stockings.

Love. This's strange! that none will answer!
Didst thou hear

A Cry, say'st thou? 6 *Nei.* Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
That had been strangled an Hour, and could not speak.

2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this Day three Weeks,
Two o' Clock

Next Morning.

Love. These be Miracles, or you make 'em so?
A Man an Hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry? 3 *Nei.* Yes, downward.

Love. Thou art a wise Fellow: Give me thy Hand
pray thee.

What Trade art thou on?

3 *Nei.* A Smith, an't please your Worship.

Love. A Smith? Then lend me thy Help to get
Door open.

3 *Nei.* That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my Tools.

1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you break.

Enter Face.

Love. I will. *Face.* What mean you, Sir?

1, 2, 4 *Nei.* O, here's *Jeremy*!

Face. Good Sir, come from the Door.

Love. Why! What's the matter?

Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Love. I the Name of Wonder! What means the Fellow?

Face. The House, Sir, has been visited.

Love. Stand thou then farther.

Face. No, Sir, I had it not. *Love.* Who had it then?
None else, but thee, i' the House!

Face. Yes, Sir, my Fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttery, had it on her
A Week before I spied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the Night. And so I shut
The House up for a Month——

Love. How! *Face.* Purposing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Rose-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar, [it;
And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known
Because I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.

Love. Why this is stranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have still been open——*Face.* How, Sir! C

Love. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all Sorts, Tag-rag, been seen-to flock here
In Threaves, these ten Weeks, as to a second *Hogs-den*,
In Days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye bright*! *Face.* Sir,
Their Wisdoms will not say so! *Love.* To-day, they speak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French Hood*,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seen
In a Velvet Gown at the Window! divers more
Pass in and out! *Face.* They did pass thro' the Doors then,
Or Walls, I assure their Eye-sights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now above twenty Days!
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the Afternoon,
I should believe my Neighbours had seen double
Thro' the black Pot, and made these Apparitions!
For, on my Faith to your Worship, for these three Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd. *Love.* Strange!

Nei. Good Faith, I think I saw a Coach!

Love. Do you but think it now?

And but one Coach? 4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honest Fellow. *Face.* Did you see me at all?

1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.

Love. Fine Rogues to have your Testimonies built on!

Enter 3 Neighbour.

3 *Nei.* Is *Jeremy* come?

1 *Nei.* O, yes, you may leave your Tools,

D

We

We were deceiv'd, he says, he has had the Keys;
And the Door has been shut these three Weeks.

Nel. Like enough.

Love. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings.

Face. Surly come!

And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How shall I beat them off? What shall I do!
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conscience.

Enter Surly and Mammon.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great Physician. 'This,
It was no Bawdy-house: but a mere *Chancel*.

You knew the Lord, and his Sister. *Mam.* Nay, good Sir.

Sur. The happy Word, *Be Rich*——

Mam. Play not the Tyrant.

Sur. Should be To-day pronounc'd to all your Friends
And where be your Andirons now? and your bras'd Pots
That should ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedges.

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut the
Doors,

Methinks! *Sur.* Ay, now 'tis Holy-day with them.

Mam. Rogues.

Cozeners, Impostors, Bawds.

Face. What mean you, Sir? [*Mammon and Surly* *hiss*]

Mam. To enter if we can.

Face. Another Man's House?

Here is the Owner, Sir. Turn you to him,
And speak your Business. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?

Love. Yes, Sir.

Mam. And are those Knaves within your Cheaters?

Love. What Knaves? what Cheaters?

Mam. Subtle, and his Lungs.

Face. The Gentleman is distracted, Sir! No Lungs
Nor Lights ha' been seen here these three Weeks, Sir.
Within these Doors, upon my Word! *Sur.* Your Word?

Groom arrogant? *Face.* Yes, Sir, I am the House-keeper.
And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.

Sur. This's a new *Face*.

Face. You do mistake the House, Sir!

What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Rascal! 'This is one

O' the Confederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Love.* Pray you stay, Gentlemen.

Sir. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant.

Mam. Ay, and then

We shall ha' your Doors open. *Love.* What means this?

Face. I cannot tell, Sir.

Nai. These are two o' the Gallants,

That we do think we saw. *Face.* Two of the Fools?

You talk as idly as they. Good Faith, Sir,

I think the *Moon* has cras'd 'em all! (O me,

The angry Boy come too? He'll make a Noise,

And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)

Enter Kastil.

Kaf. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the
Door anon,

[*Kastil knocks.*

Punk, Cocatrice, my Suster. By this Light

I'll fetch the Marshal to you. You are a Whore,

To keep your Castle——

Face. Who would you speak with, Sir?

Kaf. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Puss my Suster. *Love.* This is something, sure!

Face. Upon my Trust, the Doors were never open, Sir.

Kaf. I have heard all their Tricks told me twice over,
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.

Love. Here comes another. *Face.* *Ananias* too?
And his *Paster*?

Enter Ananias and Tribulation.

Tri. The Doors are shut against us.

[*They beat too at the Door.*

Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your Stench is broke forth: Abomination

Is in the House. *Kaf.* Ay, my Suster's there. *Ana.* The Place,
It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.

Kaf. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kaf. You will not come then? *Punk,* device my Suster!

Ana. Call her not Sifter. She's a Harlot, verily.

Kaf. I'll raise the Street.

Love. Good Gentlemen, a Word.

Ana. Satan, avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.

Love. The World's turn'd *Bel'lem*.

Face. These are all broke loose,

Out of St. *Kather'ne's*, where they use to keep

'The better Sort of Mad-folks. 1 *Nei.* All these Persons

We saw go in and out here. 2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

3 *Nei.* These were the Parties.

Face. Peace, you Drunkards, Sir,

I wonder at it! Please you to give me leave

'To touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.

Love. It mazes me! *Face.* Good Faith, Sir, I believe

There's no such Thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.

Would I could get him away. [*Dapper cries out within*]

Dap. Master Captain, Master Doctor. *Love.* Who's that?

Face. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.

Dap. For God's Sake, when will her Grace be at home?

Face. Ha! [*Exit*]

Illusions, some Spirit o'the Air: (his Gag is melted,

And now he sets out the Throat.)

Dap. I'm almost stifled——

Face. (Would you were altogether.)

Love. 'Tis i' the House.

Ha! list. *Face.* Believe it, Sir, i'the Air!

Love. Peace, you——

Dap. Mine Aunt's Grace does not use me well.

Sub. You Fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

Face. Or you will else, you Rogue.

Love. O, is it so? Then you converse with Spirits!

Come Sir, no more o'your Tricks, good *Jeremy*,

The Truth's, the shortest Way.

Face. Dismiss this Rabble, Sir,

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

Love. Good Neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir.

You know that I am an indulgent Master:

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Medicine?

To draw so many several Sorts of wild Fowl?

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect Mirth and Wit

(But here's no Place to talk on't i'the Street.)

Give me but leave to make the best of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' Abuse of your House:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a Widow,
In recompence, that you shall give me Thanks for;
Will make you seven Years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spanish* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the House,
It was not visited. *Love*. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Face*. It is true, Sir.
Pray you forgive me.

Love. Let's see your Widow.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Subtle, Dapper, and Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your Gag!

Dap. Yes Faith, it crumbled

Away i' my Mouth.

Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then. *Dap*. No,

I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.

Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady: but in Troth
You were to blame. *Dap*. The Fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to flay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her Grace.

Enter Face.

Face. How now! Is his Mouth down?

Sub. Ay! he has spoken!

Face. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone
then.

(I have been fain to say, the House is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.

Sub. And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this Night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
Of *Face* so famous, the precious King
Of present Wits. *Face*. Did you not hear the Coil,
About the Door? *Sub*. Yes, and I dwindled with it)
Face. Show him his Aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you.

[*Exeunt* *Dap*. and *Sub*.

Druggier is at the Door, go take his Sute,
And bid him fetch a Parson, presently;

Say, he shall marry the Widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred Pound by the Service ! Now, Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all ? *Dol*. Yes. *Face*. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant* ? *Dol*. A good dull Innocent.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo*'s Cloke, and Hat.

Face. Give me 'em. *Sub*. And the Ruff too !

Face. Yes, I'll come to you presently.

Sub. Now he is gone about his Project, *Dol*,
I told you of, for the Widow. *Dol*. 'Tis direct
Against our Articles. *Sub*. Well, we'll fit him, *Wen*.
Hast thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets ?

Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub*. Soon at Night, my *Dol*.
When we are shipp'd, and all our Goods aboard,
East-ward for *Ratcliff* ; we will turn our Course
To *Brainford*, Westward, if thou say'st the Word,
And take our Leaves of this o'erweening Rascal,
'This peremptory *Face*. *Dol*. Content ; I'm weary of it.

Sub. We'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine ; and thine and mine.

[*They*]

Enter Face.

Face. What now, a billing ? *Sub*. Yes, a little exchange
In the good Passage of our Stock Affairs.

Face. *Drugger* has brought his Parson ; take him in, *Sub*.
And send *Nab* back again to wash his Face.

Sub. I will ; and shave himself.

Face. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, whate'er it is !

Face. A Trick, that *Dol* shall spend ten Pounds a Month
Is he gone ?

Enter Subtle.

Sub. The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir.

Face. I'll go bestow him.

Dol. He'll now marry her, instantly.

Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her all thou can'st. To deceive him
Is no Deceit, but Justice, that would break
Such an inextricable Tie as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Enter Face.

Face. Come, my Venturers,
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.

Sub. Here. *Face.* Let us see 'em. Where's the Money?

Sub. Here.

Face. The Brethrens Money, this, *Druggers*'s and *Dapper*'s
in this,

Mammon's ten pounds : eight Score before.

Where be the *French Petticoats*,

And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here i' the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Face.* Is *Druggers*'s Damask there?

Sub. Yes. *Face.* Give me the Keys.

Dol. Why you the Keys!

Sub. No matter, *Dol* : because

We shall not open 'em, before he comes.

Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed :
Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, *Dol*.

Dol. No!

Face. No, my Smock-rampant. The Right is, my Master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em ;

Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures :

Isent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,

Both he, and she, be satisfy'd : for here

Determines the *Indenture tripartite*,

'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol.* and *Face*. All I can do

Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back side ;

Or lend you a Sheet to save your Velvet Gown, *Dol*.

Here will be Officers presently, bethink you,

Of some Course suddenly to 'scape the Dock :

For thither you'll come else. Hark you, Thunder.

[*Some knock.*]

Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.

Face, Dol. I am sorrow for thee i' Faith. But hear'st thou?
It shall go hard, but I will place thee some where :

Thou

Thou shalt ha' my Letter to Mistress *Ana*.

Dol. Hang you—

Face. Or Madam *Cesarean*.

Dol. Pox upon you, Rogue,

Would I had but Time to beat thee.

[Exit *Dol.*]

Face. *Subtle*,

Let's know where you set up next : I'll send you
A Customer, now and then, for old Acquaintance :

What new Course ha' you ? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang myself

That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,

And haunt thee i'the Flock-bed, and the Buttery. [Exit *Sub.*]

Lovewit above. Enter Officers, Mammon, Surly,

Face, Kastril, Ananias, and Tribulation.

What do you mean, my Masters ! *Mam.* Open your Doors
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers. *Off.* Or we'll break it open.

Love. What Warrant have you ?

Off. Warrant enough, Sir, *doubt not*.

Love. Is there an Officer there ?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing.

Love. Have but Patience,

And I will open it straight. *Face.* Sir, ha' you done

Is it a Marriage ? perfect ? *Love.* Yes, my Brain.

Face. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then ; be ye
Self, Sir.

Sur. Down with the Door. *Kas.* Slight, ding it open.

Love. Hold,

Hold, Gentlemen, what means this Violence ?

Mam. Where is this Collier ?

Sur. And my Captain *Face* ?

Mam. These Day-owls.

Sur. That are birding in Mens Purfes.

Mam. Madam *Suppository*. *Kas.* Doxey, my Sister.

Ana. Locusts of the foul Pit.

Tri. Prophane as *Bel* and the Dragon.

Ana. Worse than the Grasshoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.

Love. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers

And cannot stay this Violence ? *Off.* Keep the Peace.

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter ? Whom do you

Mam. The Chymical Cozener.

Sur. And the Captain *Pander*.

Kaf. The *Nun* my *Suſſer*. *Mam.* Madam *Rabbi*.

Ana. Scorpions, and Caterpillars.

Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.

Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By Virtue of my Staff—*Ana.* They are the Veffels
Of Pride, Luſt, and the Cart. *Love.* Good Zeal, lie ſtill,
A little while. *Tri.* Peace; Deacon *Ananias*.

Love. The Houſe is mine here, and the Doors are open:
If there be any ſuch Perſons you ſeek for,
Uſe your Authority;

I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This Tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat 'maz'd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
My more Diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent Part, let out my Houſe
To a Doctor, and a Captain; who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone?

[*They enter.*]

Love. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Furnace;
The Ceiling fill'd with *Poefies* of the Candle:
Only one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a Widow——

Kaf. Ay, that's my *Suſſer*. I'll go thump her. Where
is ſhe? [*Exit.*]

Love. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſſy,
That I, a Widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?

Love. Were you the *Don*, Sir?

Good Faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You ſwore, and told her, you had ta'en the Pains
To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
Borrowed a Sute, and Ruff all for her Love,
And then did nothing. What an Oversight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
Well fare an old Markſman, yet,
Could prime his Powder, and give Fire, and hit,

All

All in a Twinkling.

Enter Mammon.

Mam. The whole Nest are fled!

Love. What Sort of Birds were they?

Mam. A Kind of Choughs,

Or thievish Daws, Sir, that have pick'd my Purse
Of eight-score and ten Pounds, within these five Weeks
Beside my first Materials; and my Goods,
That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have them home yet. *Love.* Think you so, Sir?

Mam. Ay.

Love. By Order of Law, Sir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own Stuff?

Love. Sir, I can take no Knowledge,
That they are yours but by publick Means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose 'em. *Love.* That you shall not,
By me, in Troth. Upon these Terms they are yours.
What should they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?

Mam. No.

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

Love. What a great Loss in Hope have you sustain'd.

Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has.

I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach.
The End o' the World, within these two Months. Sir.
What! In a Dream? *Sir.* Must I needs cheat myself
With that same foolish Vice of Honesty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

Enter Ananias and Tribulation.

Trib. 'Tis well, the Saints shall not lose all yet.
And get some Carts——

Love. For what, my zealous Friends?

Ana. To bear away the Portion of the Righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Love.* What is that Portion?

Ana. The Goods, sometime the Orphans, that
Brothers

Bought with their Silver Pence.

Love. What, those in the Cellar,

The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims! *Ana.* I do defy

The wicked *Mammon*, so do all the *Brethren*.

Thou prophane Man, I ask thee with what Conscience

Thou canst advance that Idol against us,

That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings number'd,

That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,

Upon the second Day of the fourth Week,

In the eighth Month, upon the Table dormant,

The Year of the last Patience of the *Saints*,

Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement Botcher,

And *Deacon* also, I cannot dispute with you;

But if you get you not away the sooner,

I shall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.

Trib. Be patient, *Ananias.* *Ana.* I am strong,

And will stand up, well girt, against an Host,

That threaten *Gad* in Exile. *Love.* I shall send you

To *Amsterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,

Against thy House: may Dogs defile thy Walls,

And Wasps, and Hornets Breed beneath thy Roof,

This Seat of Falshood, and this Cave of Coz'nage.

[*Exe. Trib. and Ana.*]

Face. If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir—

Kaf. Come on, you Ewe, you have match'd most

sweetly, ha' you not?

[*To his Sister.*]

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tup'd

By a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?

Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touse you, now.

Death, mun' you marry with a Pox? *Love.* You lye, Boy;

As sound as you: and I'm afore-hand with you.

Kaf. Anon?

Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will seize you, Sirrah.

Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kaf.* God's light!

This is a fine old Boy, as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,

Here stands my Dove? stoop at her if you dare.

Kaf. Slight, I must love him! I cannot chuse i' Faith!

And I should be hang'd for't. *Sister,* I protest,

I honour thee for this Match.

Love. O, do you so, Sir.

Kaf. Yes, an' thou can'st take *Tobacco*, and drink old *Beere*,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her Marriage
Than her own State.

Love. Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.

Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.

Love. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.

Love. That Master

That had receiv'd such Happiness by a Servant,
In such a Widow, and with so much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servant's Wit,
And help his Fortune, though with some small Share
Of his own Candor
Speak for thyself, Knave.

Face. So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
Though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot Ananias, *Dapper*, *Druggier*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new Guests.



THE END.

old
Jama

Strain